

KARMA-LESS-NESS

THEOSOPHICAL ESSAYS

ON ART



BY

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

Other Works by the Same Author

- 1 The Gods in Chains
- 2 Spiritual Factor in National Life
- 3 The Theosophical Outlook
- 4 The Divine Vision
- 5 The Mediator
- 6 The Law of Christ
- 7 How We Remember Our Past Lives
- 8 The Nature of Mysticism
- 9 The Personality of H. P. Blavatsky
- 10 Christ and Buddha
- 11 In His Name
- 12 Flowers and Gardens
- 13 I Promise
- 14 What We Shall Teach
- 15 The Wonder Child
- 16 Release
- 17 Offering
- 18 The Reign of Law
- 19 The Flame of Youth
- 20 The Masters
- 21 Christ, the Logos
- 22 The Message of the Future
- 23 The Faith that is the Life
- 24 The Heritage of Our Fathers

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NOTE

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I have to express my cordial thanks to Mr. Deviprosad Roy Chowdhury, Principal of the School of Arts, Madras, for his gift of the design on the jacket of this book.


C. J

TO MY BROTHER

S. M. W.

1893—1928

a devoted worker in the cause of Art, and for several years
International Secretary of the Fellowship of Arts and Crafts.



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Karma-less-ness	1
The Power of the Archetype	21
The Artist's Solution to the World Problem .	43
The Message of Theosophy to Art and the Arts	49
The Contrast between Hindu and Muham- madan Architecture	69
The Basis of Art Expression	82
My Gurus in the West	118
Teuton, Latin and Hindu	122
What is meant by " Artistic " ?	131
Art and Liberation	137

KARMA-LESS-NESS

THE world has many types of idealists, and they call themselves by different names. But they are united in one common work, which I shall very briefly describe as "releasing Divinity". Many idealists clearly recognise that the Divine Life dwells in the heart of man ; Theosophy asserts that fundamentally man and God are one. Krishnamurti states the same truth by pointing out that "Liberation" is not a matter of trusting in others, however great, but of finding out what is one's true self.

Whether we turn to the one ideal or to the other placed before mankind—Liberation by Krishnamurti, or Adeptship by the Theosophist—one factor is common to both ideals ; it is, that man has within him the great Light, since man is himself "the Way, the Truth and the Life". Hence it follows that our duty to our fellowmen is to release the Divinity within them. For men are like prisoners bound by the chains of ignorance, and our work is to release them from their bondage.

If we examine all the processes of life, we shall find that everything in life is arranged so as to

release the Divinity in the individual. When we look at life and note its pleasant things, we say that God is good, that He is love, that He is trying to make us open out or evolve by love. But since there is also much evil and suffering, we are forced to look a little deeper. It is then that we realise that the same beneficent work of love is being done by the Divine Plan, even through pain and suffering.

From without the individual, and from within him the work of releasing Divinity is ever taking place. Let us first examine the way that the work of releasing Divinity proceeds from without the man.

Each of us, as he moves in a world of law, often breaks the laws of Nature, thereby making what is called Karma. When we have "made Karma," we have generated a series of forces which disturb the equilibrium of the universe. It is therefore necessary that the equilibrium shall be restored. But this restoration is impossible for us where we stand now, because we lack the knowledge of how to do it. Yet, since it is necessary that we shall restore the equilibrium, the Lords of Karma enter from without into our problem. They arrange for us the way to restore the equilibrium. Therefore the Lords of Karma arrange our environment—the country, the race, the family, the religion and the culture into which we are born; They guide us into one family rather than into another; They arrange the

distribution during an individual's lifetime of the good and the evil reaping of his past.

Now all this careful arrangement of the Lords of Karma is intended to release the Divinity within the individual. Every Karmic difficulty, every pain, every trouble which we have, which we call the reaping of an evil sowing, is not intended merely to pay a "debt to Karma" in a mechanical kind of way; it has also the purpose of drawing out of us the Divine Nature which is in us. It is true that we seem to be as helpless logs which float on the tide of Karmic waters, for we cannot guide ourselves, and destiny seems to be our master. But, all the time, if we look deeper, the purpose of our environment is to release Divinity.

There is also a second process which is equally necessary for the individual's growth. It is to release the Divinity within him by his own action. That work must proceed from within the individual. How does it happen? It happens when the individual takes ideas as tools or instruments with which to break the fetters which bind him. Ideas must become his tools—the ideas of religion or science or philosophy which he finds. Every idea, either of right or wrong, of progression or of retrogression, when accepted by the individual, is a tool which he can use to release the Divine Nature within him. Take Theosophy, for example, as a body of ideas. What is the value of Theosophy? Not solely that it gives us a beautifully clear,

intellectual philosophy, but much more, that it rouses a power within us to call out the Divinity which is latent in us.

So then, either from within or from without, the work of the release of Divinity takes place. But there is one aspect of this release of Divinity which is not sufficiently recognised. It is, that man does not release Divinity except by *creating*. We say in Theosophy that the true Theosophist must always be building a perfect character. But what is character-building but creation? The character of the Theosophist has to be utilised in order that he may create serviceable actions.

But there is a second type of creation which is not usually recognised in Theosophical studies, and it is that on which I want to lay special emphasis. There is a type of creation which has not primarily in view the aim of Service, but what we may term Liberation. But I do not desire in any way to contrast Liberation and Service. Both are inter-dependent, for Service leads to Liberation, and there is no Liberation possible without Service. But there exist two types of creation ; one type is of serviceable actions which release the Divinity in others, and so by reaction releases the Divinity in oneself. The other type of creation releases the Divinity in oneself in another way. That mode of release is by Art, and it is that particular way which I want to make clear to those who are studying Theosophy.

Now the word "Liberation" means becoming free. But all life, such as we live, is, on the other hand, a process of making bonds. We cannot stir our little finger without creating a disturbance in the universe; and once having set a force going, and so having brought about a new combination in the universe, we must ourselves bring back again the harmony which we have disturbed (if we have disturbed it by evil), or we must be there to receive the fruits of the harmony (if we have added to it by good). All the time, our whole process of living is one of making bonds. Just now, we are meeting in this hall and are listening to talks on Liberation, but every smile which we give to each other makes bonds between us. If I inspire you by my address, you become bound to me, and I to you.

So life is purposely binding us together in all kinds of ways. Yet Liberation is our goal. How can this contrast be avoided? Now, Liberation can be described by a new term which I am coining. It does not sound pretty, and I hope when translating it into other languages you will not make something equally unæsthetic, equally unlovely. The word is Karma-less-ness. It is the state where the Karma which we have created in the past no longer affects us. Of course, we cannot annihilate any kind of force, when once it is generated; but we can stand apart from the reaction of that force on ourselves. That is Karma-less-ness.

First, let me deal with the fact that, wherever there is true Art, in it is found the quality of Liberation, or of becoming free. And I will take as an instance one which you can put to the test. Consider those periods when you are sad and depressed, when all the time you are surrounded by dark thoughts, and you seem to be in the depths. If at those times, you will manifest any artistic instinct which you possess, you can grasp your depression and create something out of it. One way to do it is to write a poem.

When you have so written a poem describing your depression, you will find that you have become liberated from your depression. That does not mean that, after you have written your poem, you may not still have your sadness; but it will no longer be a kind of sadness which binds you. It will no longer be the same sadness which held you before. Though your astral body may still be sad, you will have stepped outside the astral body, for you will have created out of your depression a thing which stands apart from you. And as you look at your work of creation, you will no longer be bound to your depression.

Or if you will compose a melody, or, if you have the ability, you will paint—it does not matter what your gift is, provided you utilise your ability to create—, you can take the circumstances surrounding you and create something of Art out of them; and in so creating, you will be free of that particular

set of circumstances. That is, of course, what all the poets do. At the time of creation, they are, as it were, one with their subject; but as creation proceeds, there comes for them more and more detachment.

Now this detachment, which is necessary for the artist, is exactly like the Yoga which is described in India. Take, for instance, an artist who is going to paint a landscape. If he is going to paint, he has to become detached from the world of noise, from the world of movement around him. He has his brushes, his palette, his canvas; but he must concentrate himself. Therefore, while he is painting, he must be detached from the world. He must be looking all the time, comparing, judging, extracting from the landscape the elements which he wants. This work can only be done while he is detached from his environment.

Just as the Yogi in India goes to some quiet place, and metaphorically "stops up" his ears, and closes his eyes, in order that he may meditate with detachment, so too must the artist. You will find, if you mean to be a good painter, that you have to train yourself in the Yoga of detachment—not the detachment of sitting cross-legged and concentrating—but the detachment of sitting on a camp-stool, detached from noises, detached from the movements around you, and such things, which you do not require. You must not listen to the melodies of the air, if you are to see and realise what is before you.

It is only at such high times of detachment that you have the real vision of the landscape before you; the landscape then becomes a window, as it were, through which you look into another world.

Now, it is exactly the same in any other department of Art. It is only in so far as the artist becomes detached, that he begins to understand the possibilities of creation. That may seem curious, because artists are very emotional people. Nevertheless, as they create, they must separate themselves for the time from their emotion.

It will thus be seen that Art is always necessary for us as a means to Liberation. We must, therefore, create a work of Art out of our griefs and out of our joys. We cannot come to Liberation till we have freed ourselves by creation.

Karma insists that, if I have injured somebody, I am bound to pay him back in service. I cannot merely say, "I am deeply grieved," and thereby break the Karmic bond. Yet I have to be free. But my real freedom only begins when I look at him, my enemy, and see something artistic in him. I look then at something which has no relation to me. That means that my Karma with him ends.

All the time as we go towards Liberation, we must create. Our whole world must be created and re-created by us again and again. When a great spiritual message comes to us, we know how sometimes our life seems shattered, and how we must begin our life all over again. That is re-creation,

and such re-creation is absolutely essential, if we mean to be free. But as we re-create, if only we know how to create *artistically*, then, once having created anew, we are free.

None of us will really come to Liberation till we have separated ourselves from our past. In every action of ours, in every thought, in every feeling, our past is influencing us; and we know that our past, that unseen past of earlier lives, has not been a pretty thing. All kinds of ugly things are behind us, and to-day all those things are influencing us. But when we come to the door of Liberation, we cannot go through that door until we free ourselves from our past. So then, if we are to free ourselves from the past, we must make a work of Art of all our past, from the time we issued out of the Absolute, to the time we are on the threshold of Divinity.

This involves that mysterious process of living once again in the past, and thereby changing that past. For, till I have changed my past and made that past of mine a work of Art, beautiful and therefore detached from my present, I shall always have that past dragging me back, like an impediment, like a chain. I cannot really be free, I cannot be liberated, while among my memories are memories of the evil deeds which I did a million years ago. For my eternal memory must be one and continuous. So I must begin changing my memories, I must change my deeds of the past, I must change everything inartistic in my past from the time that

I issued out of the Absolute. I must recreate it all. When I have recreated it all as a beautiful thing, then I stand apart from all my past, and then it is that I can go forward to Liberation.

All this necessitates introspection. But what is the good of digging into oneself, and finding out all the wicked things one has been or is? Surely we become more and more depressed in the process. Yet, on the other hand, we delude ourselves if we cover up the evil which is within us, and say that it does not exist.

We have, therefore, to find a mode of introspection by which we stand apart from the past; and that is why Art is absolutely necessary. If you will permit me to say so, you will not attain to Liberation until you become to some extent artists, not technical artists such as singers, painters and so on, but artists in the sense that you have learned the mystery of re-creating your universe. Certainly we are in one sense forced to accept the universe as it is; yet we can change it. And we change the universe, that is, our own universe which is within us—the only one that matters—by taking up once again those impressions which have constituted our universe, and by making something beautiful out of them.

Each one of us who is in earnest must examine this problem of how he is to accept life as it is, and yet manage to change it. Here the scientist helps, the philosopher helps, all the arts help; but

we must remember all the time that we must stand detached, if we are to change the thing which is outside of us. But we stand detached only when we know how to take each circumstance of our life, each event in the world, and fashion it into something beautiful, something artistic.

Let me read you a sketch which I wrote at the Star Camp in Ommen, which gives this same thought in another way. So many people say, "Oh, but I am not an artist; I cannot even bring out a decent note when I open my mouth and try to sing; still I love music." True; but if you love music, if you love a beautiful sky, if you love the tone of a child's voice, well, the very fact that you love those things makes you something of an artist. Love is the beginning; it is only a question then of going on and on.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY

*"They said, God meant the flowers He made—
Blossom and leaf and stem—
Something like what the lilies said
When Jesus looked at them."*

—GEORGE MACDONALD

Among the desires in our hearts, there is an intense longing to achieve something that is perfect. Those who are bound by the fetters of impurity long for perfect purity; those who are carried away by anger long for perfect self-control. The hundred and one faults and failings in our human nature do at least this much service for us—they make us long for the hundred and one virtues which reflect perfection.

But who may achieve absolute perfection? Which of the greatest painters can draw the perfect curve, which musician call out the perfect chord when he strikes his instrument?

Perfection ever eludes us. So when we contemplate the perfect character which we desire to offer to Life, it seems as if we should never achieve it, for so many are the virtues, each with its perfection, which are necessary for the perfect character of our dreams. The Liberation which requires the perfect character seems unrealisable.

Such a Liberation is indeed unrealisable by us, until we stand on the threshold of Divinity. And to come to that threshold, we must carve our way through many a thick and tangled forest of experience. Yet though it may take a dozen lives, or a hundred, before we build the perfect character, it is nevertheless possible for us, even where we now stand, to sense the glory of perfection. The *volume* of perfection which Liberation requires may be for us still far out of our reach ; nevertheless, the *quality* of that perfection can be known and sensed by us even now.

For perfection is not a matter of heaping virtue upon virtue, but of touching Absolute Perfection even in one virtue. The daisy of the fields is as perfect as the most exquisite product of the expert gardener ; the tiny heather-bell at our feet in Ommen fields can give us as pure and as deep a joy as the golden-hearted lotus of Indian pools. Little things can be perfect, and the perfection in them is as full of Divinity as the greatest creation of a great character.

Often our hearts ache because of the exquisite smile of some God-like woman ; but our hearts can ache just the same—if we will let them—at the exquisite smile of a little child. The quality of perfection just then in the child is as regal, as full of power to release Divinity in us, as the smile of the goddess. Such a *quality* of perfection is everywhere, though its *volume* may need to increase age by age, before the Perfect Universe is fashioned.

Little folk though we be, we can each achieve perfection, though it be small in volume, yet unsurpassable in its intrinsic beauty. The man or woman incapable of intellectual heights may yet sense perfection through the performance of humble duties. One little vice sublimated into a little virtue can be a mirror, small though it be, of all the perfections which the universe contains.

So the beginning of the Path to Liberation lies in the perfection which we achieve in some one little thing in our character. When once such perfection has begun, it will grow in volume, till the whole character is involved, and the great day of Liberation is at hand. Just as the sun's noon-day glory is but a continuation of the dawning which, at its

commencement, was scarce distinguishable from the night, so the making of the Adept begins with the perfection achieved in one little virtue.

Therefore, in these lives of ours, so full of limitation to-day, so full of pain and disappointment, Liberation can begin even now, if somewhere in our character, somewhere in our life, we make some one thing utterly perfect.

That is what we can all do. Exactly where we are, with our limitations, even with our little cultural training, it is possible for us to create something that is beautiful. Do not think it is only the poets who can write poetry. They write great poetry for all mankind; but we can write little poems for ourselves. Do not think it is only the great painters who can paint; we can paint for ourselves. We must try; we must take ourselves exactly where we are, and train the eye, the hand, to see and then to draw a line, the shape of a leaf. We have a voice; we can do something to train that voice. We have the eye; we can train the eye to find out what is beautiful in life, and educate the ear to distinguish a chord from a discord, and so on. We can utilise our senses one by one, and it is only as we do so utilise them that slowly we begin to understand what real freedom means.

I pass from this particular phase of my subject, to deal with another phase which especially applies to us as Theosophists, that is, men and woman who are working to give a Wisdom to the world. Theosophy is not merely a philosophy which is to be written down in books. It is an embodiment of the Divine Thought, it is an expression of the never-ceasing

Divine Creation in worlds above which we are to call down in music, in painting, in dancing, in whatever is the creative activity which humanity evolves race by race. Every aspect of creation is in very truth a *Secret Doctrine* of the Divine Wisdom. Therefore we, who are Theosophists, who have been helped by a great philosophy, must pass from the mere philosophical aspect of Theosophy and realise that the Wisdom is a Life which God is living. His Wisdom is not merely the way in which He thinks; it is also the way in which He acts and energizes. We say that Theosophy is the Divine Wisdom; but far more truly it is the Divine Energy which we label as Theosophy. So we must understand the hundreds of ways in which this Divine Energy manifests itself. One great way is what civilisation calls "Art".

I want Theosophists to realise that our progress in Theosophy, our further unfoldment in the spiritual life, depends upon the recognition by us of this fact, that we must learn to create in some fashion. But not only must we who are Theosophists become creators through Art, we must also make artists into Theosophists. Now here I may be easily misunderstood, and so I want to explain that I do not mean by this the inducing of artists to join Theosophical Lodges, or to accept a particular statement of Truth which is called Theosophy.

The artist has two aspects in himself: first, the aspect as the man involved in Karma, and in duty;

and secondly, the aspect as the creator, the artist not involved either in Karma or in duty. When the artist works in his true function, in the latter aspect, none of us has any kind of message for him. As artist, he communes directly with the Divine Mind, with the Divine Energy. So wherever an artist creates something, not following any tradition but by going direct into his inmost nature he must be given freedom to express himself; we must not bind the artist in any way. When we take the great musicians—or the little musicians it does not matter—so long as they are truly sincere, that is, have gone into their own recesses as they create, their message stands by itself, and no one, not even the greatest of critics, has the right to say, "This is right, that is wrong." The artist as *artist* deals with a world which cannot be measured by philosophical measuring rules; Art and Philosophy are two distinct things. In his function as the artist, he is himself the revealer; and so our aim must be to understand what is his revelation.

On the other hand, the artist has another aspect. He is also a man, a human being involved in the Karmic process; and therefore he is unfolding, stage by stage, his spiritual life, and going towards Liberation. The artist too is a brother-man, bound as all are on the wheel of life and death. It is there that we Theosophists can approach him as man; we can give him a philosophy which, though

it will not specially inspire him in his work of Art—because his inspiration must come not from any outward philosophy, but from something which he has found within himself—yet it can inspire him as a human being who has evil debts of Karma to pay. We can lead him to find in himself the strength to stand loyally by his work.

We know how artists fly up, as it were, to the mountain-tops in their moments of inspiration, and then fall back. It is as they fall back that we as brother-men can approach them, and give them a philosophy which will make them steady and purposeful. We know how many artists are often vacillating, not steady in their character. Their waywardness is due to the lack of a great philosophy by which to live their daily life. The day may come, in a future Root Race, when, from the world of Art itself, artists will create a great philosophy for themselves; but they have not found it yet. The only one who has at all given something of a philosophy for the artist is Plato, with his concept of the Archetype. But the modern artist is not looking where Plato looked and found the true home for all dreamers.

Hence it is that we Theosophists can help the artist by meeting him as man, and by giving him our sympathy as man to man. In each Theosophical Lodge there should be an atmosphere of sympathy towards artists; wherever there is any Theosophical Lodge, the artists of the place should have the

feeling: "Oh, those Theosophists, curious people, you know, but so friendly to us". That is the attitude to Art which we need to have; so that, when an artist feels that the world is not inspiring him, is giving him discouragement, when his own Karma has depressed him, he will know that he can come to a Theosophical Lodge, and though not a Theosophist, meet with people who recognise that the artist is the prophet of a new age to come. If we Theosophists realise the value of artists to help mankind towards Liberation, we shall be thankful to welcome not only priests of religion to give us their blessing, but also artists to give us their inspiration.

I am dealing with a subject which does not become clearer by long explanations. I feel sometimes that we really understand things only when we do not talk about them; I know that is the experience of many when they sit in perfect silence after Mr. Krishnamurti's addresses. For the quality of his message penetrates them deeper when there is utter silence. Similarly it is with this great problem of creation; we have to solve the mystery of it, each for himself. I am only expounding and telling you that there is a mystery, trying to make you understand that if you would fathom the beauty of the Divine Wisdom, it must not be merely by studying, not even merely, shall I say, by service, but also by trying to re-create the universe.

It may seem rather daring for us little men to attempt to do better than God has been able to do ;

yet that is exactly what God wants us to do. When He created this universe, do you suppose He was satisfied? Surely He said, "I am going to send these fragments of Myself, and see if, through them, with their aid, I can create something more glorious still." Surely He intends us to work with Him. He intends that we all take our thoughts and actions, even the whole material of civilisation, and change and change them all. But the philosophy of it all, how we are to produce those changes, that comes from the inmost depths of our own heart.

I have said that it is our duty to re-create our own past, as also the entire universe. Now there is a word in English—I do not know whether it exists in any other language—which is interesting, and that is "recreation". The word "recreation" usually means seeking pleasurable activities; when we are tired, we seek "recreation". So the idea of recreation usually involves getting away from the business routine of living, and going to Nature, and there once again sensing the joy of life. But recreation is *re-creation*. When we go out into the woods, we re-create ourselves. When we look at the stars and admire the beauty of the evening, we re-create our self. When we go to a concert, our friends may call it recreation, but we have the right to call it *re-creation*. Every embodiment of Art is a re-creation, but a re-creation which is not through agony but through joy.

It is quite true that we can carve out of our griefs a statue, fashion out of them a melody, or compose a poem ; but there is little joy then in our creation. Yet we shall find sooner or later that there is a kind of subtle satisfaction in creation when we have freed ourselves from our greatest enemy—our past—which gives birth to another enemy, grief. There awaits us all a sense of victory, a sense of joyousness, if we will not be Theosophists merely in name, but if we will be Theosophists in deed, that is, those who re-create themselves continually. In that re-creation we shall find the joy which comes from within—not a joy which is the result of outer circumstances, of pleasant comradeship, of whatever Karma brings to us from without, but a joy which wells up from within.

All these and many other truths exist in the Wisdom which we call Theosophy. My greatest interest—one of them, at least—is to make people realise that the Wisdom is a mighty creative Energy, not something negative, like a placid lake which we contemplate, but a great Force at work, which is creating through our hearts and through our minds. If we become one with that act of creation of the Divine, we become artists.

So often when we look at ourselves, we say, "Oh ! we are not artists at all ; what beautiful thing can we make or do ?" Ah, if you will unite yourself to a spirit of love and tenderness, and desire to offer yourself to the uttermost to your Ideal, you will

find that He who is the Great Artist will create through you ; and that out of you, the non-artist as you think yourself to be, He will make something of an artist.

There are many, many joys for us all waiting, and one of the greatest joys is to know that we are not just mere ordinary people, suffering, enduring, but beings able to make out of our world something that is beautiful—beautiful for ourselves, beautiful for others, and yet ourselves free. Once we have created any beauty, it remains as a part of the Perfect Universe. The greatest joy is to give something, to create something, that we know is glorious, that we know is beautiful. It may seem to vanish into space, but all the same it lives in eternity. So, a sense of peace, a sense of strength, a sense of joy can come to us all, if where we stand now we turn inwards awhile, and create some little perfect thing. Then Karma ends.

THE POWER OF THE ARCHETYPE

IN the world to-day, all who are idealists must necessarily, in a manner, lead. They stand apart from the mass of the people, because they want to bring about great changes in the world; they cannot therefore help being leaders. Their leadership may be conscious or unconscious. There are some who care nothing about leadership, and yet, because of the nature of their lives, cannot help giving a lead to others. There are some, on the other hand, who consciously plan to play the rôle of guides and leaders.

In order that we may give the right direction to those who look to us for any kind of guidance, it is obviously necessary that we should first "find" ourselves. And on that particular point, we are all aware, Krishnamurti has been laying particular emphasis. But how are we to "find" ourselves?

In answer to that question, we have already certain indications in the teachings of the great religions. We have a wonderfully beautiful teaching, as to the manner of the final finding, in *Light on the Path*. Let me read to you what is said there

concerning the acquirement of the necessary knowledge :

Inquire of the earth, the air and the water, of the secrets they hold for you. The development of your inner senses will enable you to do this.

Inquire of the Holy Ones of the earth, of the secrets they hold for you. The conquering of the desires of the outer senses will give you the right to do this.

Inquire of the inmost, the One, of its final secret, which it holds for you through the ages.

We have thus a general indication that the finding of our truest self is the result of a dual process ; we must not only go within, we must also go without. There must be a going without, to inquire of Nature ; yet at the same time there must be a going within, to inquire of the inmost, the God within, His final secret.

It is the same problem which is presented in the teaching of the *Bhagavad Gītā*. Once again we find that the keynote there is that Liberation does not come by a mere process of meditation, nor by a mere negative holiness in the world within, but also by a process of work in a world without.

It is here necessary to understand what is true Karma, or "work," for the word Karma means "work". In the *Gītā* the problem is : What is work, and what is work-less-ness ? Now, on what is "work " depends leadership. Taking for granted, what is obvious to all of us who are interested in the great reform movements of the world, that we idealists must lead, what must be our attitude to others ? Because we cannot merely say to them,

“Follow us.” We are not so entirely perfect that we dare say to those who look to us, “Follow us,” as if there never could be any error in following us.

Some of us are forced, as it were by our past Karma, into certain positions as leaders and teachers; sometimes even when we do not want to give any kind of a lead to others, they insist on our doing so. You will see what will happen in the course of time with regard to Krishnamurti; he is determined not to have any disciples, but all the same they will thrust themselves upon him. It is inevitable. Wherever a personality stands out in a commanding way, others will try to imitate him, calling themselves his messengers or disciples.

Now we, though we are little people and though we move within our own little circles, must inevitably lead others to a certain extent, just because we are idealists. Certainly we cannot, we ought not, to “lay down the law” to others; and yet those others insist on our guiding them. We must, therefore, see that at least we do not lead them astray.

It is obvious that anyone who either consciously claims a position of leadership, or has leadership thrust upon him, must also be a judge. He cannot help others unless he judges them; in order to help them he must analyse them, for he must distinguish what is good in them, especially as *workers*. He must know what is valuable or useless in their

characters. Each person who is a leader, and so influences others, must continually consider his attitude to those others, because they re-act to him.

Thus we have the most difficult of problems : How can we judge aright ? For we ourselves are so much in the dark about many things. Parents are in that very difficult position ; for children do things which are contrary to what the parents wish for them. Yet the children are individuals, and they must be treated as having rights of their own as egos. On the other hand, they are in little bodies which in many ways are not much more than animals. How, then, are parents to adjust themselves and judge rightly ?

It is quite easy for the ordinary, average man, who is orthodox in standpoint, to dispose of the problem. He does it by accepting certain ideas as to right and wrong which his race or caste or class gives him ; he never thinks of analysing whether those maxims of ethics are formed rightly ; he simply applies them. He will condemn or he will praise as others dictate, when as a matter of fact he should be entirely uncertain what to do.

Now, one thing that is in some ways startling to the student of comparative religion is, that there seem to be fashions in ethics ; that is to say, that the standards of ethics seem to vary, not only according to race tradition, but also sometimes according to the epoch. There is a very profound

truth underlying a statement of Nietzsche, which seems utterly cynical and diabolical, but which is true, that a successful war changes morality. We know that, taking the world as it is, a war, however unjust its origin may be, if it is once successful, does modify the ideas of the victors as to what is right and wrong in Nationalism. There is inevitably a changed attitude in the public mind as to what is right and wrong in Imperialism, in Nationalism, in the organization of the State, and so on, when a nefarious policy once succeeds.

I should here like to point out how great a change in ethics has taken place in Christianity, from the first year of its preaching to what we find to-day. To-day our whole economic system takes for granted that there must be an investment of capital ; all business takes for granted that money which has been saved by work should be invested in bonds and shares so as to produce interest. To invest money, which means to get the profit of work done by *others* with that money, is the recognized principle of our banking system, on which all our economic problems are pivoted. But when one analyses our banking system, it is just plain usury, which was forbidden to the Jew. Lending money for interest was considered by the Jews as contrary to the Divine Law, and, so far as I know, nothing was said by the Christ to modify what the Jews assumed to be the "law" then. Christian civilization has, however, modified the ancient code. That does not mean

that banking is not right, that it is not ethical, that it is wrong to invest money ; I merely want to point out that, as the world develops, changes do take place in what is considered right and wrong.

This being the case, obviously we cannot, in our attempt to judge and therefore to help others, always rely upon the standards of what is right and wrong which are given to us by tradition. We must find something else ; we must find something eternal, something which cannot be modified by time or by custom. We want a standard which we feel is absolute. What is that absolute standard of judgment, and therefore of the truest way of helping others ?

That standard is given, I think, by three great writers. They are : Carlyle, Plato and Emerson. These three philosophers have the vision of what to me is a true standard, and that vision is full of inspiration.

I should like you to note that I am going to look at the problem strictly from the standpoint of the individual. Suppose I am one who is in some manner a leader--whether I have claimed it, or it has been thrust upon me, is beside the mark ; suppose I have to face the fact that a certain number of people look to me for guidance. What, then, must be the mode in which I am to judge them ? They will be trying, we will presume, to imitate me in one special regard, that they want to be workers as I am a worker. Thus the problem before me is not the

general problem : What is basically right or wrong ?, so that my follower may go to heaven for his services ; but rather : In what way can my follower, who desires to be a worker, be helped by me, who am an older worker, to do his work more efficiently ? That is what I mean by saying that I shall analyse the problem strictly from the individual standpoint.

Carlyle in his magnificent work, *Sartor Resartus*, makes a statement which is full of great and luminous thought, and it is : " Man is the spirit he worked in, not what he did but what he became." We have first the axiom, that " man is the spirit he worked in ". That means, that we shall understand the man only as we try to understand the *spirit* of his work. But far more profound still is Carlyle's truth ; for " the spirit he worked in " cannot be discovered by examining what the man *has done*, but only by intuiting what he is *going to become*.

We know from our Theosophical studies that what a man does *now* is often largely the summation of things which he has attempted, but failed to do, in his former lives. A great deal of the present Karma, or deed—for, let us remember, Karma means action—does not represent the man, the individual as he is *to-day*, in the present ; it is only the final diagonal of a parallelogram of the forces of his past. So often, in superficial judgment, we condemn another, because we see only the action which he does now, which according to us is wrong ; not having clairvoyant vision, we are unable to see the " spirit "

in which he worked as he performed his deed. Yet there is not a single one of us who cannot recall instances of the injustice which has been meted out to him by others, because they observed only what he did, but not what he meant to do; they judged the deed, but not the doer. The two factors are not only separable, but it is only by separating them that we shall understand either.

There is yet another important truth which most fail to understand. We readily understand how the present is the resultant diagonal of the forces of the past; but we have yet to realize that the future exists in the present. In some mysterious manner, the future, that which is inevitably going to be, as fore-ordained in the Divine Plan, is reflected in the present. The individual as he is *now* enshrines within him the individual as he is *to be*. And Carlyle describes this fact by using the phrase "what he became"—"Man is the spirit he worked in, not what he did, but what he became".

This conception that some part of the future exists already in the present, just as the present contains within it the past, is essential to the problem of understanding. Not only can no man be understood merely by the facts of his past and of his present; so too no mineral, no plant, no animal can be understood, in its true relation to the evolutionary scheme, unless we can forecast what the mineral, the plant or the animal is going to become. It is such a forecast of the future

towards which the biologist is groping with his experiments in Mendelism. In some mysterious way, the future is drawing the present upwards towards itself; once we sense this marvel, all life takes on a new meaning.

It is this same thought which we find in Goethe, in one of his most famous sayings, "das Ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan"—"the Ever-Womanly draws us on high". This phrase, "the Ever-Womanly," leads us to Plato's greatest contribution to the problem of spirituality. Plato's wonderful revelation is that of the "Archetype"—that primal form or essence which is the *substans* or substratum or mould of everything. The Archetype is Absolute Beauty, since it is inseparable from the nature of the Demiurge, the Creator of the universe.

The Archetype, says Plato, exists behind, or within, each individual, as too behind each object. The Archetype is in me; it is the thought of the Demiurge of what I shall some day become. The Archetype is in each one of us; it is that future which is "drawing us on high". For in spite of every fault and every set-back, some day we shall inevitably become the Archetype, manifest then at last on the lowest realm of matter, as we are now that Archetype manifest in the realms of the Spirit.

Therefore, from the first moment that the Divine Spark, the Monad, sets out upon his adventures in evolution, the Archetype influences him. The Archetype influences the Monad as he climbs

through the mineral, the plant and the animal to become the human. Each one of us is being steadily moulded by his future, whether he knows it or not. Therefore one might well say, using Krishnamurti's phrase, that it is the vision of one's "goal," or Archetype, which is the real beginning of Liberation.

There is a startling deduction from this fact, that the Archetype, the image of our ultimate perfection, is "drawing us on high"; it is, that we can call upon our future to step down into the present, so as to inspire us to bear the burden of the present. But in order to invite the future to come into the present, one must know what that future is; therefore, once again, we come back to Plato. We must realize with Plato that the only knowledge which can give us power is the knowledge of the Archetype. Once I know what my Archetype is, I can call upon it to descend, in order to mould my present self into an image of my self in eternity.

I have for a while diverged from my main thought, which is, how we are to judge another rightly. Let me revert to it. Suppose I am a leader who have under me a dozen workers; suppose they look to me for guidance. In order to guide them, I must judge them. But how am I to judge them rightly? There is only one right way; it is, to judge each worker by his Archetype. To judge by the past and by the present is the ordinary judgment of the world. But I must judge my workers in some other way; that other way is to judge them by their

future, seeing in each his Archetype. Once I see a man's Archetype, I shall know "the spirit he works in". Knowing, therefore, what a man is going to become, I shall judge his successes, and especially his failures, not by his present actions, but by the future that awaits him, "the glory that shall be revealed".

The next problem before me is: How am I to recognize the Archetype in any individual in whom I am interested? To this question the answer is perfectly simple: By Art. I shall not here expatiate at length on Art, my favourite topic; but put very briefly, it is the intuition which will give a vision of the Archetype, and it is by the development of our artistic nature that we shall release the faculties of the intuition. When the intuition functions, then we see the Archetypes behind everything; and it is the vision of visions.

With such a vision to guide, the leader will see in a flash of intuition the Archetype in each follower; that vision will enable him to come to the right judgment which he needs in order to help each of his workers. Such a judgment will be that true and perfect criticism which, while pointing out error, releases a divine enthusiasm to achieve perfection in the person criticised. The true leader calls out from his followers a passionate devotion, because he reveals to them their Archetypes. We worship another as God only because he reveals the God in us.

I have said that to see the Archetypes everywhere—in mineral and plant, in animal and man—is the vision of visions. But a vision must transform itself into action, if the vision is to reveal the fullness of its truth and glory. Follows therefore the more difficult task in life, which is to *call out* the Archetype in whatsoever object is before one. Growth in intuition enables the leader to see the Archetype in his worker; but how is that worker to be made aware that the Archetype dwells within him? How is the leader to convince his follower that within himself is “the Way, the Truth and the Life,” an Archetype, a Divine Power, that “Warrior who is thyself and thy King”?¹ How am I, looking at my follower, to say to his inner nature, “O Archetype, step forth in your truth and beauty and majesty?”

As an introduction towards answering this difficult question, let me take up another topic for a while. We are all concerned with one problem, the problem of existence. When we turn to the philosophers in search of guidance, we find that they state the problem as a dual one; one part is the problem of Being, and the other is the problem of Becoming. Being is, as it were, a static condition, where there is no activity, but the possibility of all activity; it is like the “critical state” in a chemical solution, which is ready to precipitate into another state. Similarly too is Being—all inclusive,

¹ *Light on the Path.*

watchful, but not generating. But Becoming is dynamic; it is at work; it is a flux, a fountain, not a reservoir.

Now, the problem of existence can be understood—partially only, of course—from either standpoint, either from that of Being, or from that of Becoming. In India, these two standpoints are represented by the Vedānta and by Buddhism. The Vedānta looks at existence from the standpoint of *Sat* or Being; Buddhism looks at existence from the standpoint of *Samsāra*, the flow, the unfolding, the Becoming.

It seems to me, as one whose non-mathematical brain is not acute in abstract philosophy, that Being and Becoming are inseparable. To my mind there is a constant interaction between the two. I imagine “existence” as a state where Being bodies forth from itself a Becoming; and when so drawn out, that Becoming instantly precipitates into a Being. Once again the new state of Being in its turn bodies forth from itself another Becoming. All this is another way of stating that when we say “the present,” we include not only “the past” which has once been, but also “the future” which is yet to be.

There is one practical application of this fact that Being calls out Becoming. To illustrate, let me take the case of a good man—I mean one who is “good” not in ordinary parlance, but “good” because goodness is a supreme factor in his nature. Such a good man draws out goodness wherever he

goes. Such is the nature of his own goodness that, when another comes within the circle of his Being, that Being causes to precipitate into a Becoming the goodness latent in that other. This is the secret of the mystery why the hero makes others heroic, the lover makes others to love, the philosopher makes others wise. Deep calls unto deep, Archetype to Archetype. For each of us is dual, both a Being and a Becoming. So when another's Being calls us to become, we step forth as the Archetype, and reveal our hidden goodness and beauty.

This wonder of deep calling unto deep is one of the secrets of life. Each of us calls out all the time, from the depth of realization which he has achieved, to each pebble and stone, to each blade of grass and tree, rousing it from its slumber to sense dimly the future that awaits it, the glory that it shall reveal. I, who have triumphed, by my mere presence amidst them, help the pebble one step onward towards its goal as the plant, the plant one step towards its goal as the animal. The Being that I am releases the Being that is in the pebble and the plant to precipitate itself into a Becoming.

This is the reason why "Nature"—the mountains and the seas, the wind in the trees, the tiny wayside blossoms, the tints in the clouds—inspires and uplifts us. For all Nature—"the Garment of God"—is a Being, and one aspect of the Supreme Being. And the moment we respond to Nature, she calls

out from our Being a Becoming, precipitating us into a new Being that is more purified, wiser, stronger than our erstwhile Being. Once again, deep calls unto deep.

Thus we come back to the great problem: How is my deep to call to your deep, how is the master musician in me to call out the divine music which is in you? Life is not a matter of good and evil, of right and wrong; it is supremely a matter of whether I am asleep and silent, or awake and calling upon others to become. There is only one way of so calling to others, and that way is by realizing what I am.

It is this way which is being so fully emphasized just now by Krishnamurti. He tells us that there lies before each of us the Goal, the Kingdom of Happiness, our Liberation. And he insists that what matters is our vision of the Goal, and not whether Reincarnation is true or false, or whether the Masters of the Wisdom are realities or illusions. To see the Goal—and note that by “seeing” he means something more than mere intellectual conviction—is to become one with the Goal.

Therefore, there is only one road, the most direct; it is as direct as the path of the arrow to its mark, when once you “see” the Goal. Speed of going does not matter, for speed deals with time; it is the straightness, the directness, the non-deviation, that matter, not the time taken in arriving at the Goal. Whether the arrow be shot from a bow, or shot from

a gun, matters not ; what matters is not the speed, but the directness, if the power which resides in its Goal is to advance towards the arrow to inspire it during each fraction of time on its journey.

Therefore it little matters whether a man is on the threshold of Liberation, or has just stepped out of the animal kingdom into the human. The man on the threshold may, if he deviates, lose the wonder and glory of the Goal ; the baby soul, who has before him seven hundred incarnations, may from the first of them sense the wonder and joy of the Goal during each step of his road to Adeptship. If only a man can "see" the Goal, if only he can be aware of himself as the Archetype, his work in evolution is accomplished, though as time counts he may have millions of years yet ahead of him before he reaches Adeptship. To be one with his Goal, one with his Archetype, this is what matters to a man, not his worships nor his Gurus and Saviours.

Of course, all this is the teaching of the *Upanishads*. For their teaching is that there is only one road, the direct, since there is only one Ātman, not two. The Ātman in me is the same as the Ātman in the seed ; both the seed and I are the great Ātman, which is Absolute Being. That is what was taught to Shvetaketu. Therefore it is that, in the teaching of the oldest *Upanishads*, Īshvara, the Personal God of religion, the Mediator between man and the Absolute, does not appear. No Īshvara, no Deity who is apart from me, is

requisite for Liberation, if I myself am the Absolute whence Īshvara Himself emanates.

Following this doctrine of the Oneness, Hindu mysticism has created a technique of Liberation characteristic of the direct path. It insists upon Affirmation as the means. *So'ham*—I am He; *Tad Brahma, tad asmi*—That Brahman, that am I; *Tat tvam asi*—That art thou; and so on, one after another. But how can these affirmations be true, when we look at the facts? What does the affirmation "I am Brahman" amount to, if the next moment I shrink from the pariah? Is saying "I am He" other than a lie, when I look at myself, and note all the evil which is in me? How can my feet be supposed to be on the direct path to Liberation, when my actions create pitfalls and barriers for myself, and obstacles in the way of others? Does the fact that I have seen my Archetype, yet am still imperfect man, help me to call out the Archetype in another?

I do not know that I can solve for you the puzzle why you are Brahman and yet act as if you were man, not God. But I think I can suggest to you a method, following which you can call into Becoming the Archetype of another, in spite of your own limitations. This method is suggested by Emerson in a very striking saying. He says: "To the soul in her pure action, all the virtues are natural, not painfully acquired; speak to his heart, and the man becomes suddenly virtuous."

But we know, by bitter experience, that it is our vices which are natural, not our virtues. We acquire virtues very painfully indeed, and slowly, not suddenly. And yet, if I am the Archetype, are not all the virtues actually within me, *natural* because they are of the nature of the Demiurge in whom the Archetype lives and moves and has its being?

Is there not a contradiction here between philosophical theory and experience? There is, but I shall not attempt to solve it. I do not think contradictions matter, when once you have seen your Archetype, and are intent on becoming that Archetype. There is never any contradiction in *you*, when once you have discovered what you are—call it the Archetype or the Goal. The contradiction is in the *not-you*—either the past-you, or the present-you, one or both of which refuse to allow the future-you to enter upon the scene.

So I pass on to inquire how we can perform the miracle described by Emerson, of making people “suddenly virtuous”. “Speak to his heart,” says Emerson. But how? To find the way, we have, I think, to act according to one of two modes.

I think mankind can be divided into two groups: one, those whose hearts are dead and so need resurrecting, and the other whose hearts are aged and so need rejuvenating. In order to speak to another’s heart, we must either resurrect our dead hearts, or rejuvenate our old.

There are some who, because they have been disillusioned, are critical of everything and everybody round them. Often this criticism makes them hard. That delicacy of judgment which they once possessed has become transformed into a devastating criticism. With some, this disillusioning induces a suspicion of anything that is beautiful or tender. They are on their guard against being deceived again by life, and so they will often deliberately do the difficult thing, because they are afraid that the easy thing will bring pain in its train. The heart is dead within them, and so they are afraid of certain tender aspects of life.

There are others in whom the heart is not dead, but is only as if tired. They are not hard ; indeed, they long greatly to re-live the heart's youthfulness and freshness, but they feel that life has passed them by. So they resign themselves to a decay. They feel they have squandered away their emotions, wasted their sensibilities beyond recovery ; so having become old at heart, they wait in patience for the end.

I think most of us belong to one group or the other. Therefore it is that we must somehow re-live again the life of the heart. How it will come is a part of the mystery of Karma. But this much is true : it is only as we live again in the heart that we shall be able to speak to other men's hearts so as to make them " suddenly virtuous ". The wisest philosopher whose heart is dead will fail to help the

wicked man to be good, where a child with his freshness of heart will succeed.

All that we term "religion" resolves itself into one problem, the problem of man, once we have rejuvenated or resurrected our heart. When your heart is "quick" and not dead, and throbbing with a fullness of dreams, then you sense all men as Gods; then it is that, as you speak to another, you make him "suddenly virtuous". This that I mean was illustrated in an incident which happened in Allahabad. One in the audience asked Krishnamurti, "Have you seen God?" We understand what the questioner meant; he lived in the narrow and cramped tradition of a Personal God who can be "seen" in some mystical experience which is out of the ordinary, on some plane which is not the physical. There are hundreds of thousands of Sādhus in India who have so "seen" God. Krishnamurti did not reply, as he was unwilling to take up purely personal questions; but the questioner insisted, and asked again: "Have you seen God?" Then Krishnamurti replied in a flash: "Yes, because I have seen you!"

When you have seen the Goal, when you have obtained a vision of your Archetype, you do not discuss the problem of God. Then, man is enough for you, man the mystery of mysteries. That is one fact in our spiritual realization to which we shall all come one day—that man is enough. Not that God does not exist; but you will find, when you live

in the heart, that so wonderful is the nature of man, even our small human nature, full of pettinesses and vices, that you do not look up to heaven but down to earth, to find the solution of your problems. You will pray to no God, you will appeal to nothing; you will observe man—not great men, not the Saviours, but little childlike people, the sinners, the ignorant ones, those who are struggling from darkness to light, and slipping back from light to darkness again. When once you know how to speak to a man's heart, then man is enough—man who includes within himself all that is imaginable concerning God.

Once more Emerson comes to my aid, to make clear the drift of my thought. He sums it up in four lines :

So nigh is heaven to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When duty whispers low, Thou must,
 The youth replies, I can.

There we have the spirit of immortal youth. If only we can reflect that spirit of immortal youth, then the Divine within us ever says, "I can!" And then, "so nigh is heaven to our dust," we do not look upwards to find the Godhead, for It is on all sides of us as Man. It is that immortal youth in us who can give us the power and the inspiration which we require, he who is our inmost self.

But who is this immortal youth? Each will discover him in his own way, along his own path. Once I coined a phrase for the immortal youth;

it was "the Wonder Child". But you might call it just as well the Wonder Youth, or the Wonder Maiden ; you can call it by any name you will. But only find in your self the Wonder Child, or the Wonder Youth, or the Wonder Maiden, then you will touch a source of inexhaustible vitality and vigour. You will then find the Eternal streaming forth from your nature to bless and to save.

So, as we look at life as the worker, as the giver, we must discover the Archetype in ourselves ; and thereafter we must proceed to call out the Archetype in others. When we become all the wonderful and youthful things that are the Archetype, then the problem of right and wrong, of good and evil, is solved for ever. For then we shall judge a man not by what he does—the way of injustice—but by what he hopes to become—the way of justice. For, "man is the spirit he worked in, not what he did, but what he became".

THE ARTIST'S SOLUTION TO THE WORLD PROBLEM

IN spite of every religion and every philosophy that exists, mankind will never give up asking certain questions concerning the origin of things. In far-off days in India, men asked: "At whose behest doth mind light on its perch? At whose command doth life, the first, proceed?" (*Kena Upanishad*). In spite of the answers given by the Upanishads, we still ask the same questions.

Till lately, in the history of civilization, two types of answers have been familiar to us; they are the solutions offered by religion and philosophy. The answer of religion is either that all life is the action of a Personal God, a Creator, or that it is the manifestation of an Impersonal Principle, an Absolute; the answer of philosophy is largely to show that in man himself is the solution.

With the rise of modern science, another answer is offered to us which, summarised briefly, is that all life is the result of a mechanical process due to forces inherent in the composition of matter itself. "Evolution" is the word which sums up the

solution of science to the world problem, just as religion sums it up in the word "God," and philosophy in the word "Unity".

There is yet another solution to the world problem, to which so far little attention has been paid. It is that given by Art. Scarcely any seeker for truth looks to Art as having solutions to his puzzles, for mankind mostly looks upon Art, the cult of Beauty, as merely the embellishment of activities, the result of refinement and sensitiveness to civilization. That Art may have a solution to the world problem equal in rank or value to that of religion, philosophy or science, is perhaps a novel theory.

But it is that theory which I wish to propound, though I cannot expound it here at any very great length. Indeed, somewhat as a pioneer, I have to feel my way far more by intuition than by clear mental sight; and hence there will necessarily be many gaps in my exposition.

Let us start with an example, that of a rainbow. Suppose one were to ask, "What is a rainbow?", we shall certainly have the scientific explanation, that it is an effect due to the refraction of light, as that light is broken up by prisms made by falling rain-drops. That explanation is true. But it is only one explanation. But a second explanation, not less true, is that of Art: "A rainbow is an exquisite thing of beauty." The two truths do not contradict; nor do they supplement each other, for

they move on two different planes. But what will be the effect of a rainbow on a sorrowful man or woman who sees one? It will be to suggest a "way out," for however brief a time, from the prison-house of grief, by offering pictures to the mind, or tenderesses and realizations to the intuition. Does not an artistic reaction to the beauty of a rainbow contain a solution to one part at least of the world problem?

I have before me as I write a small picture by Manishi Dey, the size of a postcard, of a Madras *jutka* and pony. The moment I saw it, I "fell in love" with it, and purchased it. My heart went out to the pony, and every time I look at him I feel that he is the archetype of all the suffering *jutka* ponies of Madras. Certainly he is bony, and depressed; but the artist has made him near to my heart. I know that that picture whispers to me one tiny part of the great answer which I am seeking. Opposite to me on a bracket on a wall are two brass *lotahs* or pots picked up for a few rupees the other day in Calcutta, and a tiny common earthenware cup (its worth is one-sixth of an anna) found in Benares some years ago, and now mounted in a glass case; I know they too whisper some part of the great solution. My shelves are full of books which describe this or that solution to the great problem; but so do my artist, my brassware maker, and my potter. For where Art is, there too is something of the great solution.

Who can describe what type of solution is offered by a great landscape? It cannot be stated in words; yet a solution is there. We cannot describe in words the formula for an algebraical equation; the formula is a sequence of symbols, and yet to the mathematician the sequence gives an illumination, a solution. I know by experience that the following lines are true, for they describe the way that a landscape, or the painting of one by a great painter, affects me.

Once,
 On looking from a window on a land
 That lay in silence underneath the sun—
 A land of broad green meadows, through which poured
 Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea—
 Thus as I looked, I know not how or whence,
 Was borne to my hush'd expectant soul
 That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man,
 The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

What a different type of a solution to the riddle of life is offered by a great piece of architecture, for instance, that of the Taj Mahal and its attendant mosques and gardens. It is as if some great Divine Thought had descended to earth and become materialised in marble, with an aura of green trees and sunlit water. Not dissimilar is the effect of Borobudur in Java.

It is when we come to music that the solution given by Art to the great problem is profoundest and most lasting. Thus speaks Adelaide Anne Procter in her *Lost Chord*:

I know not what I was playing,
 Or what I was dreaming then;
 But I struck one chord of music
 Like the sound of a great Amen.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

That one single chord of five notes should link "all perplexèd meanings into one perfect peace"—does not that prove that Art has a solution to the great problems? It is only when we come to the "abstract" music of the West—its sonatas and symphonies—that we find the majestic power of music, especially in this particular aspect which I am considering of Art as offering solutions. Every sonata and symphony of Beethoven—particularly Beethoven—has to me a solution. What that is I cannot state in words. It is the same with every musician's composition.

Consider the solution to the problem whither death leads offered in the three great "funeral marches" of Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner. They tell us of *Something*, greater, nobler, more majestic than anything we know in our human experiences, more poignant in sorrow, more radiant with hope, more certain than life itself. I think the Upanishad gives a faint realisation whither great music leads: "What no word can reveal, what revealeth the word, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below." Of all the three funeral marches, it is Wagner's that moves me

most. It describes the life history of Siegfried—the love of his father and mother, his heroic youth, the curse on all three, his glory and his failure, the strange Karma of it all—by the interblending of musical “motives” in a slow march so awe-inspiring and majestic, that one feels that the composer is uttering truth, describing not only why an earthly hero must cease to be, but also why, since law is law, a whole cosmos must come to its cessation.

All who know what Western music at its greatest can be feel immediately that it was a far-reaching truth which Browning uttered when he said :

Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow to clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal
 and woe;
 But God has a few of us, whom He whispers in the ear;
 The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis we musicians
 know.

So Art too has its solution. The poet, the sculptor, the painter, the architect, the musician get a flash of that solution, and state it adequately or inadequately in their creations. Not less a great dancer also. But as to the dance, do we not know in India that Shiva is ever dancing a cosmic dance, and that the flow of His rhythm is in the clouds as they fly and in the branches as they wave? Let us certainly be thankful to the saint, the philosopher and the scientist for showing us “the Way”; but not less thankful to the artist that he too is showing us that Way, even if his own feet are not yet treading it.

THE MESSAGE OF THEOSOPHY TO ART AND THE ARTS

THERE is an instinct rooted in all men to make the best out of life. We are not all born into circumstances which promise happiness from the beginning of life to its end. We find ourselves often surrounded with handicaps, and in many ways it is a hard task to make the best out of life. We must accept life as it is ; so often we feel mere helpless logs drifting in a great tide of circumstance, unable to control what is happening to us. Much of what happens brings us only pain, and life for most of us is a continual struggle.

In this great effort of ours, there come to help us certain great revelations of what life is. These revelations are religion, philosophy, science and art. Each of these revelations tells us how to make the best out of life. Let me dwell on that revelation with which we are most familiar, and that is religion.

The trend of teaching given by religion, whether of the East or of the West, is a distrust of the world. The attitude of the religious man is to depreciate the world as it is, because he is seeking an ideal world. Consider, for instance, that phrase so well

known in the West which sums up the Christian's attitude to the problem of life ; it describes everything around us as "the world, the flesh and the devil". According to that generalization, there is practically no value in the world as it is ; it exists only to tempt us and to lead us astray. This too is the theme of Buddhism. The three great words of Buddhism which sum up life are "Dukkha, Anitya, Anatta"—"sorrow, impermanence, non-self." These three attributes are supposed to characterize the world in which we live. You are all aware how Hinduism clearly states that all manifestation is a *Māyā*, an illusion.

So all the great religions tell us that the only way of making the best out of life is to escape from life. Whether we look forward to living in a temporary heaven or to living in eternity, whether in a *Svarga* or *Moksha* or *Nirvana*, the general teaching of religion is to escape from life. Indeed you are aware how in Hinduism "*Sarvam Idam*"—"all this" world of manifestation—is contrasted ignobly with "*Tad Brahma*"—"that Brahman"—the unmanifested world. Between the two, the wise man must not have the slightest hesitation. He must turn his back upon this universe as it is, and seek "*Tad Brahma*," that universe beyond.

Yet if we think a little deeper and ask why the universe should exist at all, it seems to me that we cannot help recognising that "*Sarvam Idam*," life as it is now in this world of struggle and competition,

must have a meaning other than that meaning of escape from it. Surely God or the Divine Law or the Divine Purpose cannot be so helpless or so purposeless as to body forth a universe whose meaning is merely to escape from it. It seems to me that the inmost purpose of Manifestation, when it proceeds to undertake a process of creation which requires ages, cannot be so trivial as to have as its sole lesson for us men and women that we should escape from Manifestation. There must be some meaning in "Sarvam Idam," in "all this," which is not merely to run away from the world, as if the world were a great evil betraying us, a shadow of darkness continually leading astray the eyes of the Spirit.

With regard to the purpose underlying "Sarvam Idam," it is very striking that we have help given to us from modern science, the last place for many, I presume, to find an inner significance, a clue, to the inner meaning of life. It was pointed out by Mr. Yadunandan Prasad, in his lecture on science, that there is a recognition to-day that science does not consist merely in thinking over the accumulation of facts, but in a *wise* thinking about the facts. Scientific understanding is an inner faculty of the individual to observe the world and gain therefrom the knowledge not merely of laws, but of the significance of the laws. The trend of science is not to know merely the final diagonal of Nature's material forces, but the final diagonal of all, both material

and immaterial forces, in some kind of an ideal purpose. So when we look at the teachings of modern science, we begin to see something of the meaning of "Sarvam Idam".

There is a principle which science reveals to us, which is that life ever ascends from grade to grade. The universe in its ways of organisation has this meaning, that it is continually issuing forth form after form of life and consciousness, each higher than its predecessor. When we observe the crude material substance of the universe, we call it "inorganic". But that is not the end of the universe. Nature in her mysterious processes passes on, and transmutes the inorganic universe into the organic. Then plants appear, a form of life which has a higher response to environment than the mineral, releasing therefore a new kind of life such as the mineral is not capable of. Nature then passes on from the plant to the animal, and plant life is transmuted into something higher, the animal, who responds more fully still to his environment. The animal therefore releases more of the possibilities of life. When we come to man, this transmuting work of nature shows itself in man as a thinking being, full of consciousness, full of idealism, full of that exquisite capacity of play which ends in Art, and above all possessing that marvellous capacity of self-sacrifice which surrounds him with the glory of God. Nature, blindly at work it may seem at first, yet produces, by this transmutation of the

mineral into man, something which means a greater release of consciousness and idealism.

All the time, then, we see that "Sarvam Idam," this manifested universe, is continually transmuting itself. It takes millions of years in the process, but in its transmutations it releases more and more of life, beauty and sacrifice. In the course of that release, it is true that there are horrible pain and cruelty, and that nature is "red in tooth and claw with ravin". Yet all that is only as a discord in music which is on the way to a great and magnificent chord. We need only look wisely at Nature in order to see how her transmutations ever bring a release of greater and greater capacity.

This purpose, which science points out in Nature, is taking place in our own characters also. For what is growth but a transmutation of experience, so as to ascend slowly from grade to grade? Think of the difference between yourself once the child or the youth, and yourself later the man of action, older and wiser; you will surely find that stage by stage you have transmuted your experiences. Though pain was involved in the process, yet you released more of your Self, more understanding of life, more joy in life, more self-sacrifice. In a hundred ways, we are transmuting ourselves, and so passing upward from stage to stage. What is the purpose of education except to help us to transmute in the wisest and the swiftest way? Indeed, you will find, the more you look deeply into life, that life is continually transmuting itself.

Consider the highest form of a living being, whom we call a sage, and we shall find that the sage does not in reality escape from life, but that he grasps the impermanent in life and transmutes it into a permanence.

We shall find, if we examine carefully, that there is always a way of making the best out of life. Science tells us how to find a way ; religion shows us another ; and philosophy too tells us how to make that best of life. How are we to achieve ? Fundamentally, by selecting the real from among the unreal. To "make the best out of life" is a significant phrase ; it can be summed up in one word : Art. For what is Art but the making the *best* out of life ? When we understand fully what Art is, we shall find that it is the *making of the best* out of life, in its entirety as life visible and invisible.

Let me illustrate what I mean by this statement that Art is the making of the best out of life. We are surrounded on all sides by myriads and myriads of forms. They confuse us. But we find here and there two forms, three forms, perhaps even a hundred forms which are alike. But what we find of similarity is so small compared to the millions of dissimilarities around us. What then are we to do ? To find the best. But how ?

Consider, for instance, the roses in your garden ; there are perhaps hundreds of them. But how can you make the "best" out of the roses ? Try to draw a rose ; try to paint a picture of a rose,

or to carve it; and then you will find that slowly there comes into your mind the "idea" of a rose, but not any particular rose that is before you. That is only the beginning. But after you have drawn many separate roses, there slowly arises in your mind the idea of the *best* rose, that rose which, as it were, lives out of space and time, the rose that is not of any one spring or summer, but reveals its beauty in an eternal spring and in an eternal summer. In other words, as you exercise your faculty of trying to create a rose, slowly you come to see, as it were in a far-off vision, what is the archetypal rose, the eternal, imperishable rose. When we have learnt to draw a beautiful rose, then there is always in our mind what may be called the mathematical symbol of a rose. By drawing roses, we discover the eternal and the best rose in the universe.

That process is the same with regard to every attempt to understand the world by means of the faculty of Art. With your faculty of Art, as you try to understand the objects of the world round you, you transmute them, and out of the transmutation you slowly gain a vision of the eternally perfect things behind all their particular and evanescent representations.

Art comes very close to the highest forms of religion, because you cannot draw the perfect rose until you have understood the mystery of Sannyāsa. The word Sannyāsa means renunciation or detachment. Now, you cannot create a really artistic

thing, unless you have learnt to be detached from the thing which you are about to create. For, an artist, whether he be a painter, sculptor, musician or architect, before he sets to work, must first detach himself from what he is examining. One of the first qualifications in an artist is that he shall know how to stand detached ; for the more he stands detached, the more he is able to grasp the perfect thing, and the more he is then able to make the best out of the things representative of that perfect thing.

When the artist is standing detached and is slowly discovering the best in life, the truth is that he is more and more identifying himself with life. Whereas religion tells us to escape from life, the artist identifies himself more and more with life, though he comes to it by way of detachment. It is perfectly true that the saint, by renunciation, by a flight from the world, comes to Liberation. But the artist also comes to Liberation, not by flight, but by conquest. It is by dominating life that the artist comes to his Moksha or Nirvana. The saint comes to Liberation by detachment, but the artist comes to it by domination.

That is a point which is not usually recognised. It is perhaps difficult to grasp, unless you have experienced it yourself. But I will give you an instance of an experience by means of which you can put to the test how Art will teach you to dominate life. When you are crushed by suffering, when your agony is so great that no human sympathy

gives you solace, try to describe your suffering in the form of a poem. Write a sonnet about it, and then you will find, when the sonnet is finished, that you have dominated your suffering. That is an illustration of the way in which you can dominate the world, your environment, by detachment. For till you are separated from your grief for a time, you cannot write about it, you cannot paint a picture of it, you cannot put to music the anguish of your heart. But the moment you do so, then I say you dominate life, and that you gain a liberation from your suffering. Liberation by Art, then, is as great a "way" as is Liberation by renunciation.

The word "Art" simply means "doing". We talk of "the Arts and the Crafts". But they are one and the same thing. Art is a way of doing everything, not merely painting pictures, nor singing, nor any of the separate departments of the Arts. What characterises the "Art way" of doing things? The principal characteristic of that way of doing things is a vision, one that is difficult to describe in words. For of a truth, when you try to express your artistic vision in words, it becomes mere words. How can you describe a sunset in words? The best that you can do is to bring people to the sunset, and say to them: "Look and admire." Similarly with regard to what constitutes the vision of the artist.

That vision varies according to the stage of self-discovery by the artist. If you question the great artists, they will tell you that they have a sense or

vision of someone else, some force, something else, creating through them. Goethe, who wrote *Faust*, that wonderful poem full of inspiration, was asked to explain it, and his reply was : " As if I could do it ! " It is not the poet who creates. It is as if some other, larger, more wonderful poet used him for the time for the purpose of creation. When they asked Wagner what was the meaning of some of his great music, he could only smile and say, " I cannot tell you ; these are the things that I create." It was as if at his highest moments somebody had brushed Wagner aside, and created through Wagner's brain. That is the vision of every artist, whether he paints with brush, or works with chisel and mallet. The artist knows that he is something else as artist than what he is as man.

Art, then, is a way of doing things, not as an individual doer, but in co-operation with an ideal doer. That ideal doer is called in some religions God. If with religion we say that God created the universe, then God knew from the beginning that it would be an imperfect creation, because He was bringing into that creation self-willing entities who could not fully understand till they had slowly unfolded the Divinity inherent within them. The Creator knows that His universe is bound to be imperfect, till that day of the Divine Unfoldment of all. But, during the period of imperfection, God does not sit still tolerating the imperfection. He is ever at work, having before Him the Plan of His perfect

universe, fashioning, unfashioning and re-fashioning again, so that each thing, each object, each soul, may come step by step nearer to the ideal which He has in His Divine Mind. The artist it is who intuits something of the exquisitely beautiful Plan of God and tries to body it forth here below. By means of his detachment, by his creating the best, slowly the artist begins to dominate life. As he so dominates, he becomes a channel of that power, of that joy and victory of the Perfect Artist who is God.

You will see then, from these general ideas, what Art is, and what must be the Theosophist's attitude to Art and the Arts. On all sides there are craftsmen in various branches of Art. What must then be our attitude to them? To create as they do. As they make the best in earth's materials, it is for us to make always the best out of our thoughts, feelings and deeds. It is our work ever to make a perfection out of thought, feeling and action. Now, perfection is not a matter of the size of the thing which is created. It is a matter of the quality which we bring out of the things that are imperfect. You can take a tiny object of some kind which is shapeless, like a lump of clay, and you can make a beautiful thing out of that, a tiny image which can be as perfect and as magnificent as a large image carved out of a large block of stone.

Perfection is possible to each one of us, exactly where he stands now with his own thoughts and feelings, provided he seeks to get perfection.

Perfection is as possible to the youngest soul in creation as to the oldest. It is a matter of knowing how to produce the best, at the time and where we are. To illustrate this idea of perfection, let me read to you an extract from Ruskin, where he tells us how we can be perfect in using our hands in drawing and our voice in singing. We can all sing—at least we could, when we were children. It is one of the things which we have lost, and many of us have become ashamed of our voices. When we were children, when we were nearer to the world of Art, we could all sing. Ruskin tells us the mode of perfect singing. People think that, in order to sing well, they must spend a great deal of money in going to expensive music masters; they think that otherwise they cannot learn perfect singing. People think that they must go to a School of Art to learn perfect drawing. But listen to Ruskin:

Get your voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy; never of effect or expression: if you have any soul worth expressing, it will show itself in your singing; but most likely there are very few feelings in you, at present, needing any particular expression; and the one thing you have to do is to make a clear-voiced little instrument of yourself, which other people can entirely depend upon for the note wanted. So, in drawing, as soon as you can set down the right shape of anything, and thereby explain its character to another person, or make the look of it clear and interesting to a child, you will begin to enjoy the art vividly for its own sake, and all your habits of mind and powers of memory will gain precision: but if you only try to make showy drawings for praise, or petty ones for amusement, your drawing will have little or no real interest for you, and no educational power whatever.

Ruskin gives us the principles which we must follow for making craftsmen of ourselves; they are

utter sincerity and accuracy. If you are going to draw a flower, be as accurate as you can in drawing the flower; if you are going to sing, sing as clearly and as accurately as you can, and never mind if you have no expression in the beginning. I assure you that many a time I have enjoyed far more the songs of children than the songs of trained and accomplished singers. Accomplished singers cannot get away from the technique in which they have been trained. Little children do not know any technique, but they are not conscious of any separation of soul and body. And hence, when they sing, there is a natural charm. But that natural charm is natural to each one of us. Therefore if we will be genuine, sincere, not asking for praise or recognition, but willing to do the thing as we best know how, we shall slowly find how to put perfection into that thing.

When you have created the perfect thing—but remember, it must be perfect, not half-perfect—whether it is a little song or some great statue which you create, it has a finality about it. It is “the-thing-in-itself,” and it is a divine thing. There is nothing fuller of Divinity, as manifested in this universe, past that perfect thing which you have created. Is it a perfect act of self-sacrifice, of divine love, of perfect devotion? That is the final thing, and you have created through that perfection a way to Reality. There is no Māyā where Art enters, for when you find the perfect thing, you come to the inmost place where there is no illusion.

It is this fact, that through Art we see the highest expression of truth, which has been very graphically described by Carlyle. Carlyle first notes that there are facts. But what is the use of a mere fact? What we want to know is the meaning of the fact. We all suffer; there is nothing new in suffering. But what is the meaning of my suffering to me? What is the meaning of my suffering to the world? In other words, what is always the meaning of facts? Carlyle gives a slight hint that through Art we get to know the soul of things. Using "Aristos," the "best," for his ideal thinker, he says :

Our Aristos, well meditating, will perhaps discover that the genuine "Art" in all times is a higher synonym for God Almighty's Facts—which come to us direct from Heaven, but in so abstruse a condition, and cannot be read at all till the better intellect interpret them. That is the real function of our Aristos and of his divine gift. Let him think well of this! He will find that all real "Art" is definable as Fact, or say as the disimprisoned "Soul of Fact"; that any other kind of Art, Poetry or High Art is quite idle in comparison.

"The disimprisoned Soul of Fact." That is what the great mystics see; that is what the sages find; that is what the saints adore. There are myriads of facts round us, but what is "the disimprisoned Soul of Fact"? You here present before me are Fragments of the Divine. But what is the meaning to me of each one of you, Fragments of the Divine? That is my search—to understand each of you and the Soul of all Facts. What is the soul behind all life's forces? I shall not achieve Liberation till I have discovered what is the soul of every fact which the universe contains.

So through Art we come to discover the Soul of Fact. Therefore to the Theosophist, who understands how the Soul of Fact is revealed by Art, a person who creates a perfect thing, however small in size, is moving nearer and nearer to Divinity. Hence to us Theosophists who are living in the world as citizens, there comes the glad duty of fostering Art everywhere.

But what do we mean by fostering Art? Is it going to Art exhibitions and museums? That is not fostering Art; that is only the dim dawn of a real great era of Art in a nation. You foster Art when every individual is taught to know, consciously or subconsciously, what is the best in life, to recognise with a deep intuition the true from the false, the fine from the less fine, when every child and every worker, whether he works in the fields or in the studio, instinctively has a sense of the best in life. That is the real Era of Art in the world.

It is quite true that, as yet in the progress of humanity, there are only a few artists. Art has become a profession apart. It is only now and then that in a nation a predominant number of its citizens turn to Art, as they did in Greece. But millions and millions of years lie before humanity, and our humanity will slowly be perfected, till that day comes when every individual will not just love Art, as if it were something outside himself, but will know what Art really is, because he cannot help being other than what he is.

To work towards that day is the duty of all Theosophists, for the Theosophist has as his supreme duty to foster every activity which helps to release the Divinity in man. In other words, it is to bring out the best that is in man, to enable man to create the best out of life, that we have to foster the Arts and the Crafts, to surround ourselves with beautiful things. It is not an expensive thing to find the best. You will remember, at one Convention some years ago in Benares, my holding out to your admiration one of those little earthenware cups which are sold in Benares at six for an anna. I said then that it was a thing of beauty, though the thing was worth only two pice. I still treasure it, for it radiates beauty. If only we would open our eyes and see something of the really beautiful things of India, we would clear out of our rooms most of the things from the West which now fill them. For one hundred rupees we can surround ourselves with a wealth of the really beautiful things of this ancient land. Only we have not the eyes to see where they are, nor the disposition to look for them.

Hence then, my continual appeal to Theosophists to understand how one element in the problem of the realisation of the Godhead is to make ourselves great artists by creating beauty out of thoughts, words and deeds. As you try to be true in what you do, for instance in singing as you did to-day at our Community singing, a little of the

artist in you is revealed ; and when you go away from this lecture, you will discover a little more of what is best in life, because you took part in Community Singing.

I want here to read to you what Ruskin has said on this subject of fostering Art.

There's no way of getting good Art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it—that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it ; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread ; basked in it, as if it were sunshine ; shouted at the sight of it ; danced with the delight of it ; quarrelled for it ; fought for it ; starved for it ; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell.

That is just the difference. The artist to-day is so wretchedly ignored in life, and yet he has to live. He has to support wife and child, and therefore he must sell his productions. But the day will come when, just as in ancient India, when the Brāhmaṇa was poor but the most honoured of all, the artist will be honoured, and people will surround him with the necessities of his life and with the materials for creation. Then out of the studios of the artists will come the great treasures, with which to fill all the houses of the nation. Such days will come, and you and I must dream, never doubting, of the coming of such a future.

I come to my last point, and it is this. You know that we are all mortal and that we feel a sense of change ; the climax of change is decay

and death round us. But life sometimes is full of joy, because the shadows of change and impermanence are thrust aside for a while. In some mysterious fashion, we have now and then the sense of the realisation of truth, and joy descends. That which is our experience only now and then can be our permanent experience. The sense of immortality, the joyousness in things, can come to us permanently, if only we know how to fashion the best out of life. Let me here read to you what a Japanese artist said about himself, for he has a quality typical of great artists. While the artist has to admit that his body will diminish, yet he sees, as it were, an unending immortality, and he does not visualise death as he sees himself as the creative artist. Hokusai was a great painter in Japan ; everything which he drew is treasured by Japan now. This is what Hokusai says about himself.

From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs ; but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-three I have learned a little about the real structure of nature, of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes, and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty, I shall have made still more progress. At ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things ; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvellous stage ; and when I am a hundred and ten everything I do, be it but a dot or a line, will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I to see if I do not keep my word. Written at the age of seventy-five by me, once Hokusai, to-day Gwakio Rojin, the old man mad about drawing.

Hokusai was an old man when he wrote this, and yet he saw the vision of his immortality.

The true and abiding sense of immortality is not the sense of immortality which is given to us by some God external to us, but it is the immortality which we claim for ourselves, because we are Master Workers, because we are the artists of the world. Be an artist in word, in loving self-sacrifice, in any form of creation by thought, word or deed, and from the moment that you so make the artistic thing out of thought, word or deed, there will come to you the beginning of the sense of immortality. Go on steadily loyally creating all the time, and the time will come when, as your body wears away and becomes old and decrepit, the sense of spiritual things will become keener, till everything, every speck of dust, speaks to you a wonderful message of what life is. And then, just as you are about to ascend the funeral pyre, you will once again be a little child seeing all things with a transcendent beauty.

We need to bring to our neighbour, to our fellow-citizens, to our fellow-countrymen, to all human beings, a sense of peace and serenity. But more than peace and serenity, we also need to give them the sense of conquest—of Jaya, Victory. That is what we must bring out of all men, so that each man now trampled or down-trodden, or poor and ignorant, feels a sense of victory in life. It is the sense of conquest in life which is so supremely necessary for us all. Handicapped as we are now by Karma, we grieve over our helplessness, and we

pray to God, to someone outside, to come and help us, and lift us out of our depression, ignorance or sinfulness. Ah, but Art can tell you how to feel the sense of victory which comes from within.

It is by fashioning the best that you can know something of yourself as the creator who stands detached from life, and yet is one with life. You must accept the Māyā and all its illusoriness and evanescent beauty ; yet you can fashion out of Māyā itself a great permanent thing, where no shadow of Māyā dwells. It is Art that brings us back again to life, that makes us conquer life.

To that conquest of life we can move with a sense of victory, which is the birthright of all the children of God. It is because I as a Theosophist am able to create something out of my thoughts and dreams, that I dream of the day when all the children of men will have not only a sense of peace and serenity, but also the sense of joy and victory, and will sing of their glory because they have conquered, and are ready to create new universes. This I consider is the message of Theosophy to Art and the Arts.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN HINDU AND MUHAMMADAN ARCHITECTURE ¹

IT was a very clever Frenchman who once said concerning any Nation one chose to examine, "Do you want to know what the men are like? Then look at their women!" In a similar strain, I should like to say, "Do you want to know what a Nation is like? Then look at its architecture!"

For architecture reveals in a subtle way what a Nation is dreaming of becoming. The study of architecture is as revealing as any psychological novel. This is the theme of my short paper, as I try to contrast Hindu and Muhammadan styles of architecture. I cannot hope to avoid pitfalls in venturing out into this uncharted domain, for I have not so far come across any author to guide me in this particular branch of Eastern architecture. In the field of European architecture, one has at least Ruskin as a guide; and let me say at once that it is because under his guidance I have

¹ A paper read in Madras at a meeting of the Islamic Culture Society.

been able to follow a Nation's rise and fall in its architecture that I am attempting to do the same with India.

We have in India two strikingly contrasted schools of architecture ; they are the Hindu and the Mughal or Muhammadan. Typical Hindu architecture exists in Madura, Tanjore, Conjeeveram and many places in Mysore and Kathiawar ; and typical Muhammadan architecture in the buildings in the forts of Agra and Delhi, and in the Mausoleums of the Mughal emperors. In what manner are these two styles contrasted ?

First, in their material. Hindu architecture is of the hardest stone which the Hindu carver could find, which is granite ; Mughal buildings are of softer stone, either red sandstone or marble. In North India, where the softer stones exist, the Hindu preferred the hard granite ; it is as if he scorned the softer stone. But why ? That is the psychological problem which confronts us, upon which I propose to touch later.

In Hindu architecture, the human figure constantly appears ; in Muhammadan never. Gods, Apsaras or fairies, and human heroes are constantly used by the Hindu sculptor for pillars, supports, decorations ; but the Muhammadan uses different themes, those taken from nature, such as trees, branches, leaves and flowers. Where scroll-work is required, the Hindu uses geometrical or semi-geometrical designs, sometimes animals, as in a frieze

of elephants' or birds' heads ; he very rarely uses flower designs. On the other hand the Muhammadan constantly turns to Nature, copies her with scrupulous care, and takes his rhythms from flowers and branches. Mughal architecture uses the arch ; the Hindu prefers straight lintels.

Hindu architecture is fond of massive dark colonnades, and the imagination is led by them to the Holy of Holies, a central shrine where never a sun's ray penetrates. But Muhammadan architects like to play with sunlight and shadow, and they seem to feel the constant need of light. The Hindu architect keeps to one colour—the sombre colour of his granite ; the Muhammadan uses many colours, in inlays and in mosaics.

In every possible way, the Muhammadan is true to Nature ; if he carves a flower in marble, or fashions one in inlay, he shows that he has carefully drawn the flower first from Nature. But when a Hindu sculptor sets out to carve a cow in granite, it is very evident that he has never troubled to measure a cow with a tape to find out the relation of the various parts of its anatomy to one another. It is not that he has not noted the true proportions of a cow ; he is not interested in them. He is interested in the cow, and not in its anatomy, if one may so express it ; and to go one step further, he is more interested in the cow inside his mind than in any living cow of this world. In exactly a similar way, when you look at his sculptured cow, he does not

propose to evoke in your mind the *picture* of a cow, but the *idea* of a cow.

There we have the root difference between Hindu and Muhammadan ; the former fastens on the idea, the latter on the thing. The Hindu observer of Nature slips away swiftly from the-thing before him to revel in the-idea-as-to-the-thing ; the Muhammadan delights in the-thing, and seeks new beauties in it by a closer examination of it. The Muhammadan architect builds a palace of marble, adorns it with golden scrolls, and cries, " If Paradise can be on the face of the earth, it is this, it is this, it is this ! " The Hindu architect takes a granite hillside, begins from the top and chisels out of it temple and shrine, and seems ever to say to us, in the words of the Upanishad : " Alone within this universe He comes and goes ; 'tis He who is the fire, the water He pervadeth. Him and Him only knowing one cross-eth over death ; no other path at all is there to go."

What makes the two styles so markedly in contrast ? We shall find the same contrast in Hindu and Mughal painting. The contrast is due to a subtle psychological difference in the Hindu and Muhammadan peoples. This difference exists in every land as between one individual and another ; but also, in a collective way, it distinguishes one people from another. What, then, is this psychological difference ?

It is a difference which is already known in literature, and in every aspect of Art. The two

terms "classical" and "romantic" describe the difference. The characteristic of classical Art—whether in sculpture, architecture, poetry or music—is that the theme is presented to the imagination in broad outline, and that there is no emphasis during its presentation. One of the most marked features of classic style is this lack of emphasis. The theme is placed before the imagination in such a form as to suggest to the intuition certain fundamental principles and laws; but they are not exemplified nor worked out in detail. They are not insisted upon. The individual must himself fill in the gaps, so to say. Only a framework is given to him, but within that frame there is indeed much light to hold his gaze. The classical style is primarily an appeal to the mind, and secondarily to the emotions. It suggests to the intuitions, rather than works upon the emotions.

But the romantic style is exactly the reverse; the appeal is first to the emotions, and thereafter to the mind. A theme is stated over and over again; it is repeated with variations and illustrated with examples. There is constant emphasis on the particular, and no reference to the general. An appeal is made to our enthusiasm, and our emotions are enticed away before the mind can step in to control them. The romantic artist points out to us the beauty in detail first of one tiny part, and then of another tiny part, of what lies within the framework, and so leads us step by step to know that there is a larger whole.

Now, these two "temperaments" in artistic expression, the classical and the romantic, exist in men also. Jung in his *Analytical Psychology* tells us of the classification by Frau T. Vischer of learned men into "reason-mongers" and "matter-mongers," that is to say, those to whom the idea is more important than the object, and those to whom the object is more important than the idea. It is the old distinction between classical and romantic, under a new guise. But more graphic are the two labels "tender-minded" and "tough-minded" of William James. It is the same contrast which is described by two terms becoming rapidly common in psycho-analysis: "introvert" and "extrovert". The tender-minded is introvert, and his temperament is to be intellectual, an idealist, an optimist, a partisan of free-will, and a monist; while the tough-minded or extrovert tends to be a positivist, an empiricist, a fatalist, and a dualist. It is once again the old contrast between the mystic and the pragmatist, two types which have been well termed the "twice-born" and the "once-born".

These two temperaments are clearly contrasted in the Hindus and the British; that contrast could not be better stated than in the words of Sir John Simon a few weeks ago, when he spoke of "the British tendency to test everything by its practical value and the utterly divergent tendency [of the Hindu] to test everything by its relation to some general ideal". But why the Hindu should be

introvert and tender-minded, and the Briton extrovert and tough-minded, is a problem into which I shall not go ; obviously there must be some subtle differences in the cortex of the brain to account for it. But this much at least is clear to me, that the instinctive leaning of the Muhammadan to the British rather than towards the Hindu is due to the fact that the Muhammadan is psychologically extrovert, while the Hindu is introvert. When Jung wrote in Vienna, he was not thinking of communal clashes in India ; but what he says explains why Hindu and Muhammadan are so often at cross purposes.

An Extrovert can hardly, or only with great difficulty, come to any understanding with an Introvert on any delicate psychological question . . . I must emphasize the statement that this question of types is *the* question of our psychology, and that every further advance must probably proceed by way of this question. The difference between these types is almost alarming in extent.

It was a recognition of these differences which made Mirza Aziz Kokah, the friend of Akbar, say flippantly :

A man should marry four wives—a Persian woman to have somebody to talk to ; a Khurasani woman, for his housework ; a Hindu woman, for nursing his children ; and a woman from Maravarannahr, to have some one to whip as a warning for the other three.

Note the difference between the Persian woman and the Hindu ; the former is extrovert, objective, willing to be interested in the doings of the puffed-up husband, no doubt watching him as a curiosity ; the latter, introvert, subjective, wrapt up in the duty

to her children, which is more real to her than her husband's vagaries.

This psychological difference accounts, at least to me, for the fact that the Hindu artist does not try to be "true to Nature". He is subconsciously striving all the time to feel what the Theosophist terms the "life side," in contrast to the "form side". Out of the various elements presented to his gaze by outward physical Nature, the Hindu artist aims at creating for himself an inward, mystical Nature: Nature as "Idea" is more real to him than Nature as "Will". But the Muhammadan artist distrusts vague dreams; he accepts Nature as she is, and reads her meaning in the things which she herself has created. It is the "form side" which appeals to him most, and not the "life side".

It is just because the Hindu artist cares more for the "life" than for the "form," that he selects the hard unyielding granite and not the softer marble. With marble, you must be utterly true to Nature; you may, as did the greatest of Greek sculptors, make truth to Nature a stepping stone to a higher, more archetypal Nature, but you must start by being first of all utterly true to Nature. But not so with granite. The value of granite is that it can never fully reveal the idea, and therefore the idea is still imprisoned in the granite. When then you look at a granite pillar, it is a pillar which is, as it were, still in process of birth. You can therefore read into it its unborn perfections. But the marble

pillar is the pillar which has been born, and so is revealing its perfections. Neither pillar is fundamentally more artistic than the other. It depends upon yourself as the observer—the introvert observer or the extrovert observer—whether the granite pillars speaks to you, or the marble.

This to me is the fundamental distinction between Hindu and Muhammadan architecture; one is the architecture emphasizing the “life side,” and the other emphasizing the “form side”. Each is Art of its kind, and neither superior nor inferior to the other. But to the truly sensitive observer, each is the complement of the other. Therein lies the value of both to him who is seeking the fullness of Art.

I said at the beginning that architecture is a revelation of what a Nation is dreaming of becoming. Therefore any architecture worth the name appears only when a people is conscious of a spiritual unity. That unity may express itself in a compact political organization, with a constitution and a legislature; but the unity can be there without political selfhood. Under the Mughals, the Muhammadans were conscious of themselves as a people with a destiny, and therefore Mughal architecture stands out bold and precise. But in the past, the Hindus have not felt the sense of a political unity, and so should be without a characteristic architecture. But they possess a very characteristic one, because a subtle non-political unity of

culture has for ages made the north and south, and the east and west of India into one cultural and religious organization.

The Hindus and the Muhammadans have both, in the past, had a marked type of architecture, because a sense of unity existed in each people. But one need only glance at the architecture of buildings erected during the last one hundred years to note how the old unity has disappeared. Look at certain buildings in Madras as, for instance, Pachayappa's College with its Greek portico, and Presidency College with its Italian palazzo and its very un-Italian cupola. What can you expect, in the boys who have been educated there, of any deep recognition of unity among the people of India? What are the pillars to-day of the grand houses which the modern architects build for the rich? They are Roman pillars, which the French and the Portuguese introduced into India. Not that the Indian builder is not capable of giving us Indian pillars; but to find them in Madras you must go into the narrow streets of George Town, with its small and low houses, in which the rich scorn to live. But why will not our moneyed class ask for the exquisitely carved wooden or granite pillars which have been developed in the South? Because of the denationalization which has been going on during the last few generations. The Anjuman building in Madras is an exception; it is a sight for sore eyes in Mount Road, and the heart leaps at a glimpse of

Mughal India. But what an anticlimax to that enthusiasm when one hears that the building is called " Lawley Hall " ! Of course it is only like the shell of an egg ; once inside the building, all is bare and depressing.

It is just because the old sense of unity has been lost that the buildings which have been erected during the last one hundred years in the cities of India are so chaotic. Government architects, either Europeans, or Indians nurtured on European models, have put up public buildings which are, speaking from a National standpoint, a complete misfit, both to the people and to the place. And the saddest part of it all is that the people are utterly unaware of that misfit, and go on ordering more misfits from their builders !

However, once again a sense of unity is slowly appearing. The political upheaval is only one indication of the subtle national unity now being born. Whether the full realization of that unity take one generation or several before it can abolish communal differences, that unity is on the way. What will be its reaction on architecture ?

It is impossible to say. As the extrovert cannot become the introvert and vice versa, so Hindu architecture will not become Muhammadan, nor the Muhammadan the Hindu. Can the two blend ? Evidently that has been attempted just a little at New Delhi, but the result has not so far evoked any enthusiasm. The future architects of India will

simply pass New Delhi by as a mere historical interlude, because it is not the glorification of India's life, but the glorification of the British contribution to India, with Hindu and Muhammadan as minor accessories.

I cannot myself see any blending of Hindu and Muhammadan styles. I think their subtle power is greatest if they will remain distinct. But each must be developed along its own line to new uses. The new railway stations at Lucknow and Cawnpore are attempts to carry on the Mughal traditions; and on the Hindu side, the other day I saw a tiny railway station, on the Nidamangalam and Mannargudi section, which thrilled me, because it had square pillars and was so completely South Indian, though made of bricks covered with cement. I should like to immortalize the imaginative railway engineer who dared to build the small but typically Hindu station of Haridranadhi.

It is because the soul of India has been slumbering so long that our buildings to-day give us so little inspiration. But I hope the time is swiftly coming, with the building of India into a Nation, when the two great communities of India, Hindu and Muhammadan, will clamour for their architecture. And that, not for public buildings only, but for the architecture of their homes and offices also. When the present day misfit architecture has been discarded, the good latent in us will manifest more easily. For everything in life which has line and

colour helps or hinders, according to its relation to us. Architecture has a very subtle effect on the character—a fact which has yet to be discovered by the school committees which pass the plans of school-buildings for children.

I have said that psychology shows that men are of two types: tender-minded, tough-minded; introvert, extrovert; twice-born, once-born; reason-mongers, matter-mongers; mystic, pragmatist. Neither is better than the other, only different. I suppose one ought to be both, but that is a counsel of perfection, and to be achieved only if we have more lives than one to live. In any case, to understand both types is to admire both types.

That is the case with Hindu and Muhammadan architecture. They are different. In that very difference lies their powerful inspiration for him who realizes that architecture is the "frozen music" with which man offers his praise to God.

THE BASIS OF ART EXPRESSION

WHEN the cave-dweller in far-off times took a piece of bone and scratched on it with a flint the outline of a mammoth, then Art began. For his action then was essentially the action of the artist who tries to find permanence in impermanence. The cave-dweller had seen many a mammoth, with fear or fascination, or both; but the sight of a mammoth left little behind in his mind. But there came a time when his mind took pleasure in contemplating not any particular mammoth before him, but the picture or symbol carved by him of the mammoths he had seen. In his feeble and crude way he tried to grasp in life's flow something that he could retain with him; and taking this thing he stamped it with his individuality, and gave it some kind of permanence as he scratched an outline on the bone.

This action of the cave-dweller is what we are all engaged in, consciously or unconsciously. As experiences come crowding in day after day, we attempt to select from them two elements: first, something that is permanent and not transitory. It may have only a relative permanence, lasting a

few hours, or a few minutes ; or it may be something which we have seen or heard which we retain in consciousness till we tell of it to another ; then we retain it because while doing so our mental life is made more vivid. Or it may be some emotion which we felt once, but on which we dwell again and again, because life is more fascinating as we carry with us from year to year something permanent which the emotion gave. Secondly, we try to separate what is essential in experience from what is non-essential. Our minds are a sieve, and each according to his temperament retains some experiences and discards others. What we select makes life more comprehensible to us, and therefore more serviceable. Our whole life is an attempt to grasp what is essential for the purposes of our growth and happiness.

GENERALISATION

We all know what our normal mental life is. When our senses tell us of a world without, ideas arise ; the first stage is when we merely note an idea, but make no attempt to find its relation to other ideas. Later comes the stage when we analyse ideas, and note in what way one idea differs from another or is like it. Later still comes the stage of synthesis, when groups of ideas are formed according to such characteristics as we find will bind them together. Lastly comes the

stage of generalisation, when individual ideas are seen as only particular examples of a great general idea—a principle or a law. These stages in our mental life are inevitable, since life presses us on from one to the next; our life becomes fuller as we go from stage to stage. When finally we come to a generalisation, a great deal of mental energy is saved, as we shall see as we continue our thought.

See how this process of generalisation helps us in the understanding of men. Suppose you are an advanced ego, who thinks of men less as particular instances of humanity than as examples of types. You meet a man, and with the experiences behind you of men of his type, you say from one or two little things you note about him, "This man belongs to the practical type." The moment you have so linked him to his type, you know a great deal about him without his telling you of himself—that his virtues are that he is loyal, firm, conscientious and dependable, and that his vices are lack of imagination, obstinacy, and so on. Of another man you will say, "He is a mystic"; then you know that he will have a certain emotionalism and sensitiveness but also that he will not be precise, and will be full of moods, now enthusiastic now depressed. A third you will place in the artistic category, and then you know that while he is intuitive he will likely be unbalanced and fickle too. A fourth man may belong to the philosophic type, and then you have a

clue to his temperament in the virtues of dispassion and serenity and in the vices of pride and lack of sympathy. When you have thus generalised into types from the men whom you have known, you construct something of the past and the future of any individual of the type before you.

This same possibility of going backwards and forwards into conduct becomes ours when once we generalise into such conceptions as Purity, Steadfastness, Temperance, Mercy, Cruelty, and other abstractions. At first on generalisation, we may only dimly understand an abstraction in its true significance; more experiences may be necessary before we realise its full power. But even to see one in outline means a powerful element in life; we are thereby more understanding of ourselves and of others.

Generalisation becomes characteristic of civilisation as it progresses. Each civilisation has some form of culture in stories of the past deeds of its heroes, in its poetry, and in its traditions of how this or that should be done. As a nation advances, its culture develops a tendency to generalise; instead of only the mere stories of its past heroes, a definite historical science also appears, and an attempt is made to understand its history in generalisations, such as the struggle of party ambitions, the clash of its national ideals with those of another nation, the influence of economic changes, and so on. Not only are old poems and

ballads treasured, but the nation also develops a literary criticism which weighs them by particular standards. Instead of empirical methods in using Nature's forces, a definite science arises of natural law. Life is divided into departments such as religion, science, literature, art, politics, and others.

RESULTS OF GENERALISATION

Now two very important things arise from generalisation ; first, you understand better because of it. There is a deeper insight gained into an individual or a situation because there is in the mind the idea of a type or a law. Many a hidden element is clear to you that is not clear to one who has not your generalisation. Secondly, the present reveals something of the future. With a man, you can forecast how he will act ; with a situation, how it will develop. If I understand why water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit at sea-level, then, should I be on the top of a mountain, where the water will boil at a lower temperature, I understand not only why it does so, but also what means to adopt to make it boil at the normal temperature. But I do not need to go to the top of the mountain to test my knowledge by personal experience ; I can anticipate it because I have in my mind a generalisation.

So then it is clear that generalisation, however laborious it is to achieve, once achieved saves a great deal both of thinking and feeling ; we set

free all those energies of ours which otherwise would be dissipated in grappling with individual experiences. Each experience has as it were a "key signature" marked on it, and we know at once where it is to go and what is its value for our growth.

Of course, generalisation is a slow process; it takes lives and lives of experience; we know that the difference between the developed ego and the undeveloped is principally a matter of the number of lives which each has had on earth. The former is capable of thinking in types, because he has had adequate experiences as material for his generalisations; the latter is not capable, because of the lack of the necessary experiences. With each generalisation an individual outstrips his fellow who has not generalised. He is more capable in life because he uses the power of what *is*, while the other is still searching for it. It is this element of power which distinguishes the evolved ego from the backward. But why should a generalisation give a man power?

THE ONE THINKER

Because when we think in generalisations, we do not think alone, for a Greater than we thinks with us. There is but one Thinker, God Himself, and our mentalities are as segments in His circle of thought. It is our destiny to think with Him, and

we come to this stage by stage. The power of His thought flows through ours, and something of His omnipotence shines through us, as we think in generalisations.

Now the supreme value of Art is that it enables us to think with this Mighty Thinker. But His mode of thinking is not like ours; ours is but the tiny segment in His infinite circle of thought. We make our segment larger when we superadd to our thought the element which Art gives.

ARTISTIC THOUGHT

I want if possible to show you this process, whereby we transform mere thought into artistic thought. It is the essence of Art expression. Let us take first a branch of Art which is fairly easy to understand, and there note the characteristics of Art. Take Poetry; to some it is all enchantment; but to others it seems so superfluous, because poetry seems such an inverted way of saying what could be more directly said.

A poetical statement bears the stamp of the poet; a scientific statement must be impersonal, if it is to be science; but the poet is intensely personal, and his Art expression is a part of him. Let me illustrate this. We have the natural phenomenon of spring, when after the long winter's blight flowers appear; and in England, with spring, hawthorn and wild rose blossom, and the fields and

hedges are gay with flowers. But in May, summer has not fully set in; wind storms arise and the air gets cold, and after the foretaste of summer the change is depressing. See how all this is described by Shakespeare in a few words: "Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May." In one poetical phrase all is there—the delight in the many hues after the monotonous green of winter, the ease and joy of thought and feeling and, interwoven between, the transitoriness of exultation. Shakespeare alone could have described it in that way; all his past self is mirrored in what he says. But more; see how he has generalised from a natural phenomenon into what happens in the moral realm; there are for him other "darling buds of May" than the eye sees, and the Nature of meadow and field, hedge and stream is only a mirror of the Nature of men's hearts and minds, and hopes and griefs. Furthermore, Shakespeare has generalised not for himself alone but also for those who come after him. That is the power of his Art, and he at-ones us with him when we see the darling buds of May and the rough winds that do shake them.

So too is it with another poet, perhaps the greatest, Dante. Take these words: "I have seen all the winter through, the thorn show itself naked and forbidding; and lo, thereafter bear a rose upon its summit." You must know the Italian words to realise the vigour and sweetness of Dante's art, and it is only when you know his life you

understand that only he could have said it in that particular way. But see also how he has generalised ; after a long winter of barrenness there comes the flower, which cannot appear but for the slow unseen growth of those days when there was only "the thorn, naked and forbidding". Life is that for many of us, with naked and forbidding thorns when we ask for flowers ; yet if we enter into Dante's thought, we can gain comfort in the knowledge that, during the period of barrenness, the flowers of realisation are being fashioned one by one.

So it is with every true poet ; he generalises life in all its phases. He not only generalises from his own past experiences ; in a mysterious way he also *anticipates* experiences, and generalises from them too. Equally wonderful is the manner he atones others with his personality and, through it, with his art.

There are then these characteristics in true poetry—generalisation, anticipation, and at-onement. But they are found in all branches of Art, and it is their presence alone that makes Art.

TIME AND SPACE IN ART

We shall find that all branches of Art fall into two groups, as they deal either with the Time relation or the Space relation. On the side of time there are drama, poetry and music ; on the side of

space we have painting, sculpture and architecture. Each branch in one group has its balancing counterpart in the other; drama depicting events in time has its counterpart in painting which depicts events in space; the significant description of sculpture as "dumb poetry" shows us the link between the two; the relation between music and architecture is almost as of substance and shadow, so similar are they in their essentials of structure.

All these forms of Art create; they fashion life into a mould which did not exist before. The material they work upon may be wood or marble, stone or bronze, silver or gold or precious stones; or it may be the invisible material of our loves and hates, joys and griefs. Each form created is artistic if it enables the beholder to look through it into a larger realm. Generalisation, anticipation, and at-one-ment are all there present; and in addition, you will find a new indescribable quality. It is that the form—poem or play, statue or painting, edifice or sonata—reflects a greater Form, so that the Art object is but a mirror for a Thing infinitely greater than itself.

LITERATURE

Consider now the departments of Art and how in them all this is portrayed. Take first literature. Our minds and emotions are worked upon by great literature; but what makes it great? It is not the

thought alone ; it is because the thought veils an intuition. When a sentence has a rhythm and a musical quality and is the perfect embodiment of the thought, then you have an Art form. That thought is a generalisation which you can critically examine with your mind ; but it has also what you cannot analyse with the mind, a tenderness and a universality which baffle criticism. Come to the thought years afterwards, when more experiences of life have been yours, and you will find new meanings in it ; for whatever has Art in it is infinitely developable. An artistic thought has a universality, for it applies not to one phase of life but to all.

DRAMA

In the drama we have all the high elements of Art. The great dramas are generalisations ; they do not depict the actions of mere individuals but of individuals who are representatives of types. The great dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides are still full of beauty and illumination, because the men and women in them are not Greeks but human beings of all nations and of all times. Shakuntalā moves men's hearts in the West as in the East, and now as of old. All Shakespeare's great characters are still with us ; translate his plays into any language, and though as poems they lose much, the characters in them lose nothing at all. By studying each character—rather, by

understanding each with our intuitions—we know the psychology of hundreds of souls of that type. If we but understand Macbeth or Othello with our intuitions, then all men of that type are understood by us; we know their past actions, and we can anticipate what they will think and do, and so help them and ourselves.

The great function of the drama is perhaps best seen in the Greek dramas or in Wagner's *Niebelungen Ring*. They move us profoundly, but our emotions are purified thereby; and mysteriously, with the purification there come both a detachment and a sympathy. We can watch the characters with keen observation and analysis, as though we were their critics and judges; yet at the same time we have an understanding of them that comes because somehow for the moment we are the characters ourselves. When a great drama is performed, as it should be performed, whether it be a tragedy or a comedy, it has a spiritual side; not only are we wiser or purer or happier, we have also learnt much of dispassion and sympathy. Through the types in the great dramas we look into the Archetypes of thoughts and emotions, and see also the Archetypes of the souls themselves.

The greatness of the drama of the future is perhaps best evidenced in the four plays of the *Ring of the Niebelung* and in *Parsifal* of Richard Wagner. To the epic and dramatic grandeur of Greece, Wagner has added the power of music; with the

art of his "leitmotifs" he has given the future dramatist not one stage but three—first, of the events which we see with our eyes; a second, of what the characters think and feel but do not say or show; and yet a third, of the working out of the forces of Karma which the characters generate, but of whose workings they are themselves unaware. I know of no dramas like those of Wagner's that are so typical of the inmost power of the message which the drama can give. It is as if we watched life freed from "the world as Will," and saw it "as Idea"; it is as if we lived on many planes at once and saw simultaneously the movement of Life in them all. As in the "Stanzas of Dzyan" of *The Secret Doctrine*, so in the *Ring*, we see vast elemental forces at work, building and unbuilding, the types of thought, emotion, and action; as in *Light on the Path*, so in *Parsifal*, we see the struggle of the soul to go towards the Light and his triumphant attainment.

POETRY

Poetry has many typical forms, the oldest the ballad, followed by the epic. To Greece we owe the lyric, the ode, the chorus; to Italy the sonnet, and to France many minor forms. In the ballad, the moving power comes from a typical situation; the incidents and the emotions are all generalisations of their kind; they represent with artistic terseness

and brevity what happens to many diffusely and over a large space of time. If you take the great epics—the *Iliad* or the *Mahābhārata* or the *Volsung Saga*—you will find that the living characters in them are embodiments of types; each epic hero is like the essence of men of his type; both his virtues and his vices seem to have a largeness about them. Yet we shall not find on analysis that there is any exaggeration; the largeness is due to the art of the poet who instinctively senses his hero not as an individual but as a type, and so shows his creation as a window into a larger world.

If we understand the poet's intuition, then we shall realise that his characters are with us still; and we are able to forecast what men of the type will think and feel because we have in our minds their pattern. If you are yourself of that type, then the poet reveals to you both your greatness and your littleness, not only of your past and present, but also of your future. If you are not of the type, then this much at least the poet does for you: you can make your own the summation of the experiences of his characters; you can suffer vicariously, and vicariously you can be purified and made wise.

In lyric poetry we have a narrower field of action, but what is lost in breadth is gained in intensity. In a true lyric we have typical emotions; whether it is *O waly, waly, up the bank*, or Moore's *Oft in the stillly night*, for sadness, or Burns's *O my Luve's like a red, red rose*, or Thackeray's

Although I enter not, for tenderness and adoration, we have stated to our consciousness not a mere personal emotion of the poet, but one that mirrors similar emotions of thousands. It is this that makes Art, with its generalisation and at-one-ment; these make the artistic basis of the lyric, though naturally the form is beautified by the addition of rhythm and rhyme and melody. Yet a true lyric loses nothing of its artistic quality if these additions are removed, as so often is the case in a translation; here is a Japanese poem in three lines :

Three years thought of her,
Five years sought for her ;
Only for one night held her in my arms.

Is not the poem a true lyric, though it is so bald in translation ?

The Art form you will again see in the sonnet, perhaps the most difficult Art form there is in poetry. The sonnet is as the peak of a mountain range of thought and feeling; it is the imperishable symbol of the essence of a perfect mood. A great sonnet cannot be constructed; its intensity must be born in a moment, as Minerva is born from the head of Jupiter. In the great sonnet, the intuition in it—for it is that, and not mere thought or mere emotion—is not the poet's alone, but of all men in that mood, and of all time. Its form cannot be separated from its life, the content from its embodiment; it has the highest quality of Art, in that it is not so much a thing fashioned by man's art as a

self-existing intuition which descends to dwell in a form created by the artist's imagination. True poetry is both Liberation and Achievement; and in poetic moods, all—each in his degree, the great poet with his masterpiece, and the would-be poet with his first attempt—sense something of the future, that future where, as joyous free-willing souls, each soul's intuition is a poem and each action of his the theme of an epic.

For pure poetic quality there is no poet to equal Dante of Italy; his thoughts as he writes his *Divine Comedy* are as prisms for divine intuitions. His seeming chance observations about men's thoughts and feelings, or about the play of Nature's forces, are like diamonds which flash now this colour and now that; each generalisation from one phase of life generalises in turn all the other phases. There is in him a melody and a rhythm, a sweetness and a vigour which are unequalled by any other poet. His poem is all intuition, and he is a perfect poet because he has found for each poetic intuition that perfect form which awaited it since the beginning of time.

PAINTING

Let us examine painting now, and briefly consider the Art elements in portraiture, historical painting, decoration, and landscape. In portrait painting, why is a portrait more alive than a photograph ever

can be? The photograph in a way is more "true to life"; yet a photograph can never reveal to us so much of a man as a portrait can. That is because the artist's imagination sees the sitter before him as one of a type; the great portrait painter paints less the man as he is to his friends and acquaintances, and more the man as viewed by the standard of a divine model of a particular type of man. The artist sees that model, and his intuition guides him to paint such elements in the man as come nearest to it. A great portrait radiates intuition—there is no other way to describe its effect on the observer; it is a window into a world not of human events but of a divine order. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence and other English masters of portraiture are great because they reveal to us types through individuals.

As in the drama there is a purification, so is there in painting too; to look at a great portrait which radiates intuition is to gain a glimpse of a world where time and space and causality have ceased, and the world exists "as Idea".

Historical painting generalises from human events, and it little matters for the artistic setting if the events are true or fancied. The artist with his intuition marshals the events, so that they are made by him into one event, which as a whole then becomes more a symbol than a painting of a visible happening. It becomes the representation of a type of emotion and thought crystallising in event. A

great historical painter seizes on a supreme moment and materializes it on his canvas ; it is as if he said to the moment, " Ah, tarry a while, thou art so fair," and bade it stay ; and there it remains on the canvas, an example of transient time chained at will, ready to move when the artist releases his hold. Benozzo Gozzoli's " Journey of the Magi to Bethlehem " in Florence is typical of this chaining of time. When the historical painter achieves that result, the beholder sees not only with his eyes but also senses with his intuition.

An equally invisible and abstract effect is produced in decoration. Once again, it is a moving pageant held still ; but it is a pageant not of men or women but of ideas in movement or in statuesque grouping, rhythmical, poetical and musical.

Highest of all comes landscape painting, if there can be said to be any superiority of one form of Art over another. I think landscape painting can show us in a supreme manner " the world as Idea " ; the painting becomes a window into an indescribable something. It is as if the landscape had a soul, and looking on it we saw that soul mirroring a World-Soul, peaceful, benignant, all-powerful. Looking at the landscape, we cast aside all impurities ; nay more, we never had them. What we cannot see for ourselves, because of our lack of artistic vision, the artist enables us to see. As we look at his sea or sunset, country lane or mountain pool,

we look through them into a world of law and order which is not becoming but only *is*.

SCULPTURE

Art becomes more abstract in sculpture than in painting, though at first sight it would seem more concrete, since we deal with objects in three dimensions, in stone or metal, and not in colours on a mere flat surface. In sculpture we have generalisation once again; it is evident in portrait busts. The ancient Roman sculptors achieved in this branch what has not been equalled since; their great busts are types, and have a living quality which plays on the imagination. What I have said about decoration in painting is true also of decoration in sculpture; whether it is lines or curves, leaves or branches, or figures in movement, we have through their rhythm the miracle of time held in suspense.

The higher achievements in sculpture deal with the expression of abstract ideas in visible form. The great power of the Greek sculptors lies in this; they made their statues not mere idealised human models but incarnations of Spiritual Verities. A statue of Pallas Athene was not merely that of a maid in armour; it was the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual Reality, the symbol to the imagination of the Divine Concept of Wisdom that is Righteousness and Power. Similarly a statue of Apollo did not represent merely a

handsome youth; the sculptor's chief aim was to lead the worshipper through it to a Divine Concept of Life as Eternal Youth and Joy. Each great Greek spiritual embodiment in stone is a storehouse of thought; it is as if the statue vibrated thought, and though so still, yet controlled a world of motion. This is the characteristic of great statuary everywhere.

. The power of the sculptor to make dead stone live is supremely shown in the *abbozzi* or first rough attempts in stone by Michelangelo for his figures for Dante's tomb in Florence; the figures are only partly sculptured, and emerge half out of the stone, and the rocky mass still clings to them; but the figures are no mere statues, and the movements of their life seem almost visible to the eye. How thought can compel even stone is one of the miracles which Michelangelo shows, and with our intuitions we can almost realise in what manner the Divine Artificer fashioned forms out of chaos at the beginning of time. It is something of this power we have in Rodin's work also; he only lacks the realisation of the great spiritual concepts to make him the equal of the Greeks. We shall have to wait for a synthetic civilisation like that of Greece before we shall have once more a period of great sculpture.

Sculpture in India has the same spiritual quality as it had in Greece. The Indian sculptor is intensely abstract; he is blind to the lack of similitude to

Nature in what he does ; there the Greek was a greater artist, for the Greek always sought for the best that Nature gave and joyfully utilised it for his art. On the other hand, the Indian is more concentrated and penetrating ; he looks on his creation as a symbol to a greater extent than the Greek did. The Greek artist delighted in beautiful forms and movements, because they were beautiful ; the Indian feels less of beauty and more of reverence in all forms and movements, because they are symbolical. Judged by the Greek standard, Indian sculpture seems as the work of apprentices who have not been trained to look at Nature ; judged by itself and by the power it shows, it is a magnificent achievement worthy and characteristic of a great spiritual people.

What I have said of the spiritualising effect of a great picture is more true still of sculpture, so far as the power to produce that result is concerned. Before a great statue we are less men and more Gods ; our impurities fade away, and freed from all struggle to achieve in a world "as Will" we see it "as Idea". The statue links us with itself, and leads us to find our heritage—that world to which the statue is merely a window, and in which we live as immortals knowing neither sadness nor diminution. One perfect statue in a city, so placed that all can see it each day and be influenced by its message, will do more to make the citizens law-abiding and spiritual than a hundred laws or sermons.

ARCHITECTURE

To sense the powerful influence of Art in architecture, one must have a considerable development and purification of the æsthetic sense. Architecture has its roots in abstract concepts, and we come through it into wide generalisations of rigidity, lightness, balance, power, and other "bass notes of Nature". In a building which is perfect architecture, the matter fades away and is replaced by a thought. In a Greek temple or in a Gothic cathedral, we move among pillars and arches not of stone but of some invisible mental substance. Even in the most modern "sky-scraper" of America, with its forty or fifty stories like the Woolworth Building in New York, we have something of this same effect. A great architectural mass is always something that has alighted on earth in its integrity; it is a materialised thought, and speaks the message of a world of Ideas.

An element appears in architecture, found equally clearly only in music among all other branches of Art, and that is the arrangement of several complete parts into one symphonic whole. A Hindu temple with its pillared hall facing the entrance, as at Conjeeveram, with its courtyards, and walls, sacred tanks and trees and shrines; an Egyptian temple with its pylon and avenues of sphinxes; a Greek temple and the hill on which it rises; a Japanese temple with its *torii* arch; all form one

whole. As a symphony has movements of different rhythm and time—*adagio, andante, allegro, presto*—and yet all form one symphony, so it is with a great work of architecture. What I mean is best exemplified by the Taj Mahal at Agra. It is not the main building in marble, the tomb, that is the wonder; it is the totality of the parts—the great enclosure, the gate mosques, and those at the side in the middle and those supporting the Taj by the river side, the platforms, the pool, the waterways, and the great river flowing by—these make the architectural wonder. Each has its individuality, its own rhythm and melody, but they are all thought of by the architect as one whole. That is why a great thought of Life, that makes all forms and yet is beyond them all, broods over the Taj. What a symphony of Beethoven might be if it became architecture, that is the Taj.

It is interesting to note how architecture reveals the generalisations of a people and its higher nature. National architectures are no mere casual developments; they represent the inner souls of nations. The Greek temples, the Roman *fora* and *thermae*, the arches and arcades of the sunny lands of Europe, the gables and the rectangular windows of England, the park-like suburbs and sky-scrapers of America, all reveal subtle characteristics of the people who love them. Religious aspiration also takes its own architectural form, and could we see clairvoyantly the thought-forms

evoked by worship in the various lands, then we should understand the reason for the "gopuram" of an Indian temple, the pagoda of a Buddhist Shrine, the arches and domes and spires of Christian cathedrals, and the minarets of Muhamadan mosques. A national architecture is as much a "key signature" to a people as is its music.

MUSIC

I come now to music, the most abstract of all the branches of Art. In a way music is no branch of Art at all, but Art in its totality; for the more complete in expression all other branches are the more musical they become; we cannot define their perfection except by saying it is "musical". Great poetry is musical, and so is a great painting; not less so is a fine statue, and what is architecture but "frozen music"? Walter Pater has well said: "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music . . . because in its ideal, consummate moments the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend to aspire." And this is natural, if we understand music.

In music, as in nothing else, we come to a realm of thought and emotion that is the quintessence of

all possible thoughts and emotions. It is like the flowering of the intuition. A single musical phrase, sometimes even a single note, becomes like a resolving algebraical formula for a host of intricate problems of thought and feeling; it is eternity in a moment, infinity in a point, immortality in death. What we are as man and as God is more truly expressed in music than in any other Art form. In music is a fuller truth about the problem of life than in any science or philosophy. There are times when the creative musician goes beyond all veils, and Browning voices the truth when he says:

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal
and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians
know.

It is in musical technique that we have the alphabet of perfect expression for all other forms of art. The principles following which a concept is developed in an essay or lecture, in a poem or a drama, in sculpture or in architecture, are all found in music in their most artistic embodiment. Musical form is the artist's compass by which artists of every kind may sail the seas of wonder.

In music there is a fuller co-operation between man and the universe in which he lives than in the other forms of Art. For instance, in a Beethoven symphony, the composer at-ones with him the instrumentalists, and all the planes and sub-planes

of life join as in a chorus ; they live within Beethoven and not without, and are somehow as expressions of him. As each chord sounds, its harmonics in all possible octaves, plane after plane, send their response ; when we have the climaxes of the great symphonies, it is as if all possible orders of creation—men and angels and the starry-hosts, birds and beasts and the water creatures, hills and plains, and rivers and mountains—all become instrumentalists in the orchestra. The at-one-ment of man with creation, and both with the Creator, is more perfect in music than in anything else, except the inmost experiences of the soul.

Music is the pinnacle of our humanity's achievement, because in music we come to the boundaries of our world of thought and feeling, and gaze into another universe. We say that this music is sad, and that is gay, that this voices heroism and the other devotion ; but these are only our labels for what exists in another universe. It is true that we have no other organs of sense than these intuitions and emotions of ours to use as labels ; but they are labels in terms of *our* experience, and not in terms of the experiences of Music's own world. A mirror reflects only the outer form ; it cannot tell of the life dwelling in that form, except by showing that the form moves ; it cannot tell of the thoughts and dreams and loves and achievements of the Dweller in the form. Our highest music is like that, only a mirror at best, though the most perfect mirror we

can give. In the music which we hear and sense we see only the form of a Something that baffles realisation so long as we are men. We only know It lives ; but what Its thoughts and loves and achievements are we may not know, till we can pass beyond the confines of our universe into that Other.

INTUITION AND ART

I think you will realise from all I have said thus far on Art, that Art deals with generalisations of experience ; but they are not so much generalisations by the mind as generalisations by a faculty greater than the mind, the intuition. There cannot of course be Art without the mental element, but mentality alone will not create Art. When the mind begins to generalise, our conclusions will be true, if our mentality is true ; but only up to the moment of our judgment. The mind can generalise only from what is before it ; but there are many scenes in life whose entire factors do not present themselves to our minds, nor are ever likely to, because of our mental limitations. Yet without seeing these hidden factors our judgment cannot be perfect ; we must in some way or other sense them, if we are to be truly wise. It is here that the intuition steps in with a mysterious generalisation from these hidden factors, and also from *future* experience ; and with this joining of the mind and

intuition Art begins. What is this intuition which is the essence of all Art expression ?

It is a faculty which is neither wholly intellectual nor wholly emotional, but has the characteristics of both, and yet in essence is different from either. The true intuition illuminates all facts gathered by the mind, as also those facts hidden from the mind, and states conclusions dispassionately and detachedly; yet it also surveys them with a beneficent tenderness, as though the facts were somehow a part of itself. Furthermore, intuition views facts not solely in relation to a past and present, but also in relation to a future.

The specific character of intuition is idealism; it judges, not by what is now, but by a fore-ordained future towards which the individual and the event are tending. The generalisations of intuition are true for such thoughts as the mind has gathered; they are equally true for such experiences as the emotions have had; but they are also true for future facts of the mind and the emotions. Intuition never needs correcting, though new facts are discovered; it has anticipated their occurrence. It is as if the intuition had read the future, and its judgments were therefore true for all time.

How is it that the intuition can generalise from future experience? For a reason that may seem startling at first hearing. It is, that future experiences are already in existence. Though they are in the future to a given individual who has yet to experience

them, they are in an actual present irrespective of him. To us events appear in succession, and ideas therefore arise in succession, and a generalisation is a matter of the flow of time ; but time flows to us only because of our mental limitations. If we could transcend them, then we should know that the future is woven into the present. Emerson spoke a deep truth when he said, " All the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as laws." He would have made his truth more luminous still had he added that it is not in *our* minds that the facts pre-exist, but in a larger Divine Mind who thinks through our minds, and of whose mentality our mentalities are but segments.

It is this fact of a Mighty Thinker who thinks through us that explains the power of the intuition. He who made all made it with a Plan ; in His mind the fundamental types of what is, was, and shall be, in the flux of time, exist. He has thought out the whole process of evolution from beginning to end, and that process exists in His mind as Archetypes. While it exists to Him as it does to us, that is, as a time's flow, it exists to Him also otherwise, that is, as an Eternal Now. The intuition senses that Archetypal World of the Eternal Now ; that is why it has the ability to generalise from the future.

ARCHETYPES

What is the Archetypal World? What is an Archetype? It is Plato who revealed to us this

mystery of the Divine Nature, and we must follow his thought if we are to understand the inner soul of Art. Constituted as we are, our mind comes to an abstract thought like Justice after many experiences of just men and just actions. We say Justice is an abstract idea, and we consider it a subjective mental impression which lasts only so long as we are there to think: the reality, we hold, is the just man or the just action, for they have an existence independent of our thoughts of Justice about them. Now Plato held exactly the contrary—that the abstraction Justice is the reality; that whether men are just or not, Justice remains, self-existent, and independent of anyone thinking of what is just or unjust; and that it is only because Justice exists in a world of real Reality that the thought of Justice can arise in men's minds at all. Justice, said Plato, is an Archetype, and it is the reflection of it that shines on men's minds when they begin to weigh motives and deeds. Similarly it is with all abstractions—virtues, generalisations in science or religion, in history or literature, the model types of form which the artist sees of man and bird and beast; they are Archetypes and they exist in a realm of their own.

An Archetype is not a thing as we know it; it is the essence of the thing, and much more still. We have hundreds of varieties of roses, and millions of individual roses; but they are all particular examples of the Archetype "*Rose*". So it is with everything that can be grouped into a type—forms, emotions,

thoughts, virtues, sciences, and so on. Each has an Archetype behind it; it is the existence of the Archetype that makes possible any thought of generalisation.

The Archetype is both the thought and thought-form of a Mighty Thinker; He is the Good, the True and the Beautiful. At the beginning of time He created the Archetypes which He wills to manifest in His evolutionary world. He thought out at the beginning the perfect man and woman of each Root-race and Sub-race, the perfect animals of each species, and the perfect plants and minerals. With His thinking there came into permanent existence the moulds into which life has flowed age after age, as evolution went from good to better, from better to best. From the standpoint of this world of Archetypes, all possible experiences, all evolutionary forms, all moods and events, already exist in their final generalisations; they pre-exist in His mind as laws. To Him, and to those who live with Him, the past, present and future are one; time is an Eternal Now. Yet time has its flux in that part of His Immanence that is space and motion.

These Archetypes are embodiments of the Good, the True and the Beautiful; they are the Beautiful-in-themselves, and they derive their beauty from no proportion or environment or "accident," but from the sole fact that they are as the cells in a Being of Beauty. Wherever an Archetype, which exists in

eternity, is discovered by us in our process of time, then we have the sense of the beautiful. For beauty is not a matter of the conventions of men or of Gods ; a thing is beautiful only because it follows the sole law of beauty—that it shall be a mirror of an Archetype. Hence a beautiful rose is beautiful not because of its symmetry or colour or rhythm, but only because its “accidents” of symmetry, colour, and rhythm mirror an archetypal Rose. A beautiful face, or hand, or foot, or any member, is beautiful because, to one sensitive to beauty, each is a window through which he glimpses an Archetype, a Masterpiece of the Artist of artists, the Demiourgos of our world.

This is the wonder of life to him who divinely feels. Evolution is not “red in tooth and claw with ravin” ; it is the process of bringing down the Archetypes from the world of Transcendence to the world of Immanence. In plant and tree, in meadow and wood, in rivers and seas, instead of the struggle for existence, he sees the striving of Archetypes to manifest themselves. Be in the true mood, and here are Archetypes flashing through the daisy and the lotus, the palm and the oak ; there yonder is another inspiring you through the face of the sunset, and another yet through the face of your beloved. It is a world of beauty wherever you look ; and more glorious still, there is the same Archetypal World showing its beauties through men’s hearts and minds. Nay more ; you begin to mirror Archetypes

yourself. Your love and aspiration, your heroism, your wisdom in science and philosophy, your hopes and dreams and realisations, now mirror the love, the aspiration, the wisdom, the hopes and dreams and realisations of a Greater than you ; you have come to At-one-ment with God, and so to your heritage.

THE DESCENT OF ARCHETYPES

It is the Archetypes which Art brings down to men. The more clear is the vision of the Archetype in him, the greater is the artist, whether he be dramatist or painter, poet or sculptor, architect or musician. Let but a man—an artist so called, or equally a saint or scientist, a philanthropist or martyr—sense an Archetype, then all possible experiences of that type are his : the future has no more wisdom for him, though it has still the joy of giving his wisdom and his will to others. Life is thenceforth a contemplation of Eternal Beauty, for he has ceased to be man and has become the God.

Two poets have tried to describe what life would be if we could but see the archetypes ; first Emerson, who, following Plato, shows how we can gain this vision through purified love.

Higher far into the pure realm,
Over sun and star,
Over the flickering Dæmon film,
Thou must mount for Love ;

Into vision where all form
 Into one only form dissolves ;
 In a region where the wheel
 On which all beings ride
 Visibly revolves ;
 Where the starred, eternal worm
 Girds the world with bound and term ;
 Where unlike things are like ;
 Where good and ill,
 And joy and moan,
 Melt into one.
 There Past, Present, Future shoot
 Triple blossoms from one root ;
 Substances at base divided,
 In their summits are united ;
 There the holy essence rolls,
 One through separated souls ;
 And the sunny Æon sleeps
 Folding Nature in its deeps,
 And every fair and every good,
 Known in part or known impure,
 To men below,
 In their archetypes endure.
 The race of Gods,
 Or those we erring own,
 Are shadows flitting up and down
 In the still abodes.
 The circles of that sea are laws
 Which publish and which hide the cause.

And now listen to another, a Greek to his fingertips, Rupert Brooke.

Out of time, beyond the sun,
 All are one in Paradise,

* * * *

There the Eternals are, and there
 The Good, the Lovely, and the True,
 And Types, whose earthly copies were
 The foolish broken things we knew ;
 There is the Face, whose ghosts we are ;
 The real, the never-setting Star ;
 And the Flower, of which we love
 Faint and fading shadows here ;
 Never a tear, but only Grief ;
 Dance, but not the limbs that move ;
 Songs in Song shall disappear ;

Instead of lovers, Love shall be ;
For hearts, Immutability ;
And there, on the Ideal Reef,
Thunders the Everlasting Sea !

What music is there like the sound of that Sea ?
Like the sound of the sea that comes through the
trees and murmurs an accompaniment to all you
hear now,¹ so is the message which the Beautiful
whispers in our ears, had we but the ears to hear.
But we are deaf, and for such a slight thing. Oh,
if you would only put aside little jealousies and
gossips and criticisms, and be as children are—
those children of whom Christ said, “Of such is
the Kingdom of Heaven”—then shall you regain
your heritage of the Beautiful.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places ;
That was how in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

To be kings and sages ! Ah, that is not a work of
toil, if we would but remember to be the children
of Our Father. He is the King and the Sage, and
what He is, that is our heritage. He calls us to Him
through the love of the Beautiful which He has
implanted in our inmost souls ; and we hear His
call, when we thrill at the sight of the flower or the
cloud, and joy in the music of the waves or the

¹ This lecture was delivered on the morning of December 29, 1914, in the open air under the famous Banyan Tree at the Theosophical Headquarters, Adyar, Madras. At about the distance of a third of a mile is the Bay of Bengal, and the roar of its surf is audible at the Banyan Tree when the wind is still.

voice of a laughing child. The Path is not hard, if you would only look and choose the right road ; admire, but do not criticise ; sympathise, but do not condemn. And you who long for the Good, the True and the Beautiful shall not need to travel far to find the Beautiful, for you shall then realise that you are the Beautiful yourselves.

MY GURUS IN THE EAST AND WEST

ONE of the happiest experiences of an educated man is the constant looking back on authors who have inspired him. Therefore the truly educated man is a lover of books, and surrounds himself with them. Each book is the voice of a guide and friend; and so to possess books is to be rich in friendship. I say "to possess books," not merely to have them on shelves. The distinction is obvious, and need not be expatiated upon.

There are certain authors to whom I turn constantly. Even if I do not so very often pick out one of their books from my shelves, their thoughts are somewhere at the back of my mind, especially when I try to create anything literary or artistic.

Foremost of these are the unknown authors of the Upanishads. In one way or another, every phase of philosophy is somewhere to be found in an Upanishad, not necessarily fully developed, but in germ. As all philosophies turn at last towards one goal, that of the Unity, any one who has steeped himself in the Upanishads is reminded of them as

he listens to the latest speculations of the modern mind.

Next to the Upanishads, I think Dante influences me most. Fortunately for me, I can now read Dante in the original, and so sense an exquisiteness in Art which no other poet possesses. There is in Homer a wonderful titanic quality, as if somehow we were consorting with an order of supermen, when our mind moves among his characters. The rolling waves of his Greek, the stark reality in things which he depicts, united to that indescribable Greek quality of looking at life "as it is," make him by far and away the greatest of the poets. But Dante is unique in another sphere. It is that, whatever is the thing or the event or human characteristic which he describes, he makes it as it were a window through which to look at a whole host of cosmic objects or happenings. He is archetypal—I know no other word to use for him. If he describes the growth of a plant, he makes you see the growth of the soul as well. He uses a language almost perfect for poetry, for Italian has a diamond-like clearness. And in addition, Italian has both a sweetness and a sonority which, in the hands of a master like Dante, make whatever Dante says so said that it could not by any possibility be said in a better or truer or more beautiful way. Dante is the only poet I know who has made the world of the mind a mirror of a higher world still, the world of the intuition.

After Dante comes Richard Wagner. He is best known for his music-dramas, for in them he has made a unity of abstract music and the drama which no one ever before has attempted. Unite to the dramas of Aeschylus the lofty music of Beethoven, and you get something of what Wagner dreamed of as Art and Life. If one could imagine Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* or his *King Lear* raised to the nth in their emotional and artistic appeal, that is what one finds in one of Wagner's typical musical dramas like *Lohengrin* or *Tristan and Isolde*. As to his great Trilogy, *The Ring of the Niebelung*, which takes four successive evenings to perform, we see in it the dramatization of a whole Cosmos at work, with Gods and men, and all the creatures of earth and sea, of fire and air. Whenever I travel, two books which always travel with me are *The Divine Comedy* and Wagner's *Ring*.

Of this group of Dante and Wagner is Plato. Plato awakens me, he excites me too to the point of restlessness. He affects me because of his great concept of Archetypes at work. Plato is the end for all dreamers, for, when all is said and done, the clue to the mystery of life is the Archetype.

Lastly comes Ruskin, whose gospel of Humanitarianism is the noblest gospel that I know. Ruskin to me thinks true. And he thinks true because he feels true, for he has realized that all Art, all Religion, all Science and Philosophy must lead to one goal, which is to understand man, and to love

and serve man. Ruskin brings all the powers of his intensely artistic nature to preach that gospel. Along many roads, especially in Political Economy, we still move in darkness, because we have not yet cared to understand Ruskin.

Ruskin, Dante, Plato and Wagner—these are my *Gurus* of the West, and so I say to each of them :
*Tasmāi Sri Gurave namah !*¹

¹ This is the concluding phrase of “ascription” in the Sanskrit chant before meditation used by many in India, and means : “Therefore I worship my holy Teacher.”

TEUTON, LATIN AND HINDU

THOSE of us in India who have had "an English education" little realise how very one-sided that education is. In truth, all education which is moulded upon any form of Nationalism is bound to be one-sided; yet in theory an educated man is one who is able to respond to every aspect of life beyond all racial and national barriers. But it is only when we come into intimate contact with foreign peoples that we realise how very cramping to our imagination our education has been.

Therefore, to one whose outlook has been moulded by English, German, American, or other Teutonic form of education one of the greatest privileges in life is to come into contact with the Latin mind as it is found to-day among French, Italian and Spanish peoples. I can never be sufficiently thankful that after my time at Cambridge, and two years again in the East, my Karma sent me to Italy, where I spent two years at the University of Pavia. My stay then in Italy and in subsequent years, a knowledge of French, and later fair fluency in Spanish and travel in Latin-American countries

have made me appreciate new possibilities in what people term "culture".

A few impressions of my Italian student's days ever remain sharp and clear; one was a charming letter written on her father's birthday by the daughter of the family where I had rooms. The girl was barely ten, but her letter was fluent, polished, graceful and full of literary form. Whereas I, after four years at Cambridge, tortured my brain whenever I had to write anything that was expressive, let alone graceful. But that little Italian girl could express herself at once and naturally, for her education had drawn out of her the faculty of expression.

A second impression was when I found that the University had a course on "Stilistica"—on what is "style". The professor once gave as a topic the following: A man goes along a street where, as he passes by a house where a window is open, he casually looks in. He sees an empty chair by the window, and on a sofa a woman's cloak carelessly thrown. That was the topic of the essay. Fortunately, as my Italian was still unequal to essay form, no essay was expected from me. But the other students, a good majority of them girls, did write, and some of them were read, and the professor commented. The amazing part was that any one could write an essay on the subject at all. But most of them did, constructing scenes of what might have happened. As a matter

of fact, the topic was merely a peg on which to hang juvenile disquisitions on life. But that a college class could be ready at any moment to write essays on life's tragedies and comedies showed that Italian education at least taught them to express themselves.

A third indelible impression is an Italian friend's remark—a clever and patronising criticism, of course—that the typical German was a mixture of “Vergissmeinnicht und Bier”—Forget-me-nots and beer. One has to know the Germans well to appreciate the witticism. Years afterwards, in a small country of Central America, one of its foremost literary men said to me with utter dispassion, “El inglés no es humano ; es inglés,”—The Englishman is n't human ; he is English. My friend did not disparage the Englishman's pluck and resource, nor his go-aheadness ; only, to him, the English as a race lacked certain delicate appreciations of life which should characterise a “human”. This attitude to the Teuton in general is particularly marked in all countries of Latin America towards the North American. He is never called “the American,” for South and Central America claim that title too ; he is the “North American” in newspapers and publications, but in private conversation he is “el Yanqui”—the Yankee. He is greatly admired for his wealth, his resourcefulness, and his hustle ; and he is imitated—so far as the Latin-American temperament can—in his

hurry "to get rich as quick as you can". But he is looked upon somewhat as the Greeks did upon non-Greeks, that is, as a "barbarian" who lacks an understanding of what are the delicate and exquisite things of life.

Why has the Latin temperament such a scorn of the Teutonic? It is certainly not due to envy of the material prosperity and better organisation of the world's resources which are characteristic of England, the United States and Germany. The attitude is due to something far more subtle, that the Teuton is only still wandering over the surface of things, and has not yet discovered what life is really worth.

This feeling is largely due to a subconscious reminiscence of some of the ideas of Greece and Rome as to what Culture means. And in a somewhat curious fashion, that reminiscence seems clearer in Latin America than in France, Italy or Spain, the typically "Latin" countries of Europe. While these countries are sensitive to Beauty, particularly to the beauty of "form," yet one gets the impression, when in Latin American countries, that these latter are more typical of the Greek tradition in one way. This is a greater sensitiveness to an inner urge to create.

So one remarkable fact is the number of poets, essayists, dramatists and writers whom one finds in Latin American countries. In small newspapers particularly, there are every day poems

by their subscribers. As I travelled from land to land, I was inundated by presents of books by their authors—good poets and bad poets (the majority of them quite mediocre !), essayists, dramatists, particularly poets. For the Latin American feels instinctively that it is not enough to create wealth, in order to possess the true standard of living. He must create Life, in order to live truly. And he feels instinctively from his tradition that Life is best created out of the heart and mind of the individual, and that the tool for its creation is Art.

So it seems strange that Latin America, in spite of its comparative poverty and lack of political organisation, can in many ways answer more truly Christ's question than can Britain or the United States: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" To-day, here in India,¹ which would we prefer to be: a "title-holder" in this land, decorated by the Government, or one of the men and women, youths and maidens who, imprisoned by that Government, went to gaol for the Nation's sake and to find their own souls?

Not for nothing has India ever revered the Sannyāsi ideal—the man who possesses a *dhoti*,² a

¹ This was written when hundreds of young men and women were going to gaol, in connection with Mahatma Gandhi's salt tax campaign against the British Government. I had not the faintest sympathy with the campaign, though a profound admiration for the men and women who went to gaol for what was to them an ideal of Service.

² A cloth to cover the body from the waist down.

bowl,¹ and a staff,² and no more, but who is seeking his own soul. Certainly to-day we have five millions of them in India; they call themselves "Yogis," and we know that they are mostly wastrels and exploiters of the charity of the people. Yet among them are a few true representatives of what India stands for; it is the culture, not of what feeds and adorns the body, but of what sustains the mind and heart, that is, the knowledge of God and of His ways.

But this knowledge must be real, direct, and of one's own discovery and not just merely traditional knowledge, if a man is to find his own soul. It is here that all our educational schemes go to pieces. Now, we "teach" the people, but we do not make them educated. For their education must come from themselves. That is why sometimes a Hindu peasant, who cannot read or write, but who has listened to wandering minstrels narrate episodes from the Purānas, Mahābhārata or Rāmāyana, and has seen plays at fairs and village festivals, and memorised wise sayings of sages and scraps of poems, is more truly educated than his son who "goes to college" and becomes a "graduate".

India of old said: "Go out alone, wander, and understand"; Greece said: "Create poems, dramas, statues." I think the substance of both these two teachings was never more needed than to-day.

¹ For begging a meal.

² To support one's self travelling, and to protect oneself against wild animals.

THE INTUITION—A NEW INSTRUMENT OF COGNITION

THERE is an old saying, "You cannot see the wood for the trees." That is exactly the position of education to-day. The more a man studies the more he finds to study, till he does not know where it will end. When the new era of learning began with Francis Bacon, the things knowable in modern science were few, and could be compressed into a dozen books. But, since then, every department of science has ramified to such an extent that, if to-day a man is to make a name for himself as a specialist in science, he has to concentrate on a very tiny field of the knowable. Many a young scientist knows that he cannot gain any position in the scientific world, unless he concentrates himself on some small, but perhaps intensely fascinating, subject like the interior economy of an insect. The American wit hit the mark when he said: "A specialist is one who knows more and more about less and less."

This ramification of knowledge goes on so rapidly that no so-called educated man can presume to know even the main lines of knowledge as it is now

developing. Add to this the development of man's interests in fields of international affairs and culture, and it is obvious that education, as considered to-day, is failing lamentably. The mental training given in schools and colleges using the inductive method of science is failing more and more, simply because the material of knowledge is increasing so alarmingly.

How then is one in search of truth in these days to get at the essence of facts? He cannot any longer do so by amassing all the facts necessary, and then drawing out from them the inductions which will give him truth. Some new instrument of cognition is, therefore, necessary. This new instrument is being slowly recognised under the term "Intuition".

What the intuition is in itself is a difficult thing to say. But, on this matter, Bergson and Croce have most illuminating facts and suggestions. The intuition, under the term "Buddhi," is known in Hindu philosophy, where distinct from the mental examination of facts as existing outside the mind, a second method of knowledge is recognised, that by unifying the knower with the facts to be known. It is this knowledge by unification which is one of the characteristics of intuition.

There is little doubt that a vast literature is slowly developing regarding this new method of cognition, which is intuition. I desire merely to touch upon the problem to point out to those interested in the problem of knowledge how the

methods of induction and deduction are ceasing to be the only methods. Incidentally, I should like to mention how, in the educational science of the future, which will try to bring out the intuitional faculty in the child, one essential part of the new apparatus will be the drawing out of the faculties of Art in the child. For Art is a summary of facts as known by the intuition, just as science and philosophy are summaries of facts as grasped by the mind. Those teachers, who are wide awake to this new possibility of cognition, will, I believe, be the teachers of the future.

WHAT IS MEANT BY "ARTISTIC"?

IT must seem strange that in this century, with its thousands of artists, and hundreds of artistic monuments and magnificent picture galleries, anyone should ask the question: "What do we really mean by the word 'artistic'?" But it is just in this century that the question needs must be asked, for of late much has happened in the world of artists which makes one hesitate to accept as artistic all that the artists produce.

A few years ago I noted in an Art exhibition in Germany a head in marble which made a lasting impression on me. For it had only one eye; one half of the face was normal, but the other half was one smooth mass from chin-bone to forehead, as if the face was never intended to have eye-socket and eye. No child of man was ever born so; no single face of man or bird or beast which Nature had generated in her evolutionary process ever gave the slightest warrant to the artist to create the face which he did. That face was not merely in clay or plaster; the artist had gone to the length of carving it in marble. And he exhibited it as something "artistic". But was it? To me it was a monstrosity.

I recollect too in the same exhibition a picture of New York. It was "cubist," but the picture was what I might myself have produced by taking twenty picture postcards of New York, cutting each up into odd angular shapes, and pasting them on a piece of cardboard at all sorts of angles. Once again, the artist presented it as "artistic".

I need not elaborate instances. Everyone who has noted the development of painting and sculpture (in some instances, architecture also) must have noted instances of objects presented as "artistic" which have repelled him. The artist often calls a thing "artistic" when the mere layman calls it "crazy". By no manner of means can we all accept as "artistic" what the artist labels as such. The statement made by certain directors of insane asylums that many cubist creations can be paralleled by drawings made by lunatics makes one hesitate all the more. In other words, we may respect and admire an artist, but we cannot necessarily accept his standard of "artistic" as ours.

Once upon a time, it was an axiom that for any object to be artistic it had to be beautiful. But within the last half century, our artists have tried to wean us away from that tradition. They insist that the layman's sense of the beautiful has nothing to do with "Art". The artists alone, they say, know what is artistic; and the layman must conform to the artists. But some of us laymen feel

instinctively that there is "something wrong somewhere". Is there anywhere a true standard of "artistic"?

In our search, we must be on guard against our prejudices. Our instinct is to reject what is strange to us, especially anything which goes against our tradition. This has been most strikingly illustrated in the development of European music. Each step in advance—as we now see it—was considered at the time mere cacophony, not an advance but a retrograde step. As music developed from Palestrina to Bach, from Bach to Beethoven, from Beethoven to Wagner, there were always some (even musical experts) who shook their heads at what seemed aberrations. The rebuff to Wagner in the beginning of his career, because he conceived of and created in a scale composed not of seven notes but of thirteen, is still a matter of modern history. Even the expert ears of musicians have had to be re-trained in their musical apperceptions before they could accept Wagner's music as "artistic". But the discords in his music are no longer that to those who have learned to respond to his ampler ideas of the chord.

Similarly too, the Eastern ear cannot for a long time understand what is Western harmony, for the Eastern ear has been accustomed only to melody unsupported by chords. On the other hand, the Western ear finds something inconclusive, as if "left up in the air," when a Hindu song ends,

because it does not end on a major chord. There are many modes of Art at which we look askance in the beginning, but which become dear and precious when our sensorium has been re-trained.

Therefore when artists break new ground, and produce what appears to us as "crazy," it does not follow that we laymen are right and the artists wrong. Yet, as I have shown, we cannot always take the artist's estimate concerning what is "artistic" as the absolute standard. There are things which one artist will sometimes produce which a fellow-artist will be convinced are not artistic at all, though he may be too polite to say so. Did not Mendelssohn say of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony: "It gives no pleasure at all"? But whatever artists may think of each other's works, they all think alike about the layman's taste—that he certainly does not know what is "artistic" until he bows down humbly to their proclamations.

So where shall we find the standard of "artistic"? I do not know whether we shall all find it in the same place, but I will put on record where I have found it.

I take as an axiom that Art, as an Embodiment of the Highest, is inseparable from every great and noble thing in life. Though it is not the aim of Art to preach morality to men, as is the work of Religion, yet to me Art and Religion are inseparable.

In exactly the same way, Art and Philosophy are also inseparable, and I feel that where Art really is there is Science too. Therefore, in anything which deserves the name "artistic", there is not only Art, but also Religion, Science and Philosophy.

If, therefore, any creation claiming to be "artistic" goes athwart what appears to me to be Truth in those other departments of life which I have mentioned, that creation is not "artistic". My standard is not necessarily the standard for all; but at least I have a standard. I must, of course, always be ready for a clearer vision of Truth than is mine now; I may need to revise my standard. I must not forget how long I took to sense the music in Wagner's chords, and what a long training my ear needed—and still needs—to follow the intricate blendings in an orchestra. But of this I am utterly certain: that the more I know of Religion, Science and Philosophy, the more wonderfully artistic every object becomes.

"All great Art is Praise." That is Ruskin's definition. Because that definition is true, we can carry it with us to other realms and say, "All great Religion is Praise; All great Science is Praise; All great Philosophy is Praise." But Praise of what? There each must answer the question for himself. I know what is my answer, but that is not to the point just now. But all truly great things—objects, deeds, events, in the individual or in the community—are Praise.

When the thing-here-below can be offered up in praise to the thing-yonder-above, then it is artistic. When the thing of matter seems ready to float up on invisible wings to an Archetype above, then it is artistic. When what is before any one of the senses tells not only of God but also of Man, then it is artistic. When in the thing or event the Beginning reveals also the End, then it is artistic.

That is why when a soul knows the way of Art, all other ways are also his ways.

ART AND LIBERATION¹

THE release of the highest attributes latent in mankind is inseparable from creative effort in the realm of Art. It is well known how clearly the architecture of a period indicates the ideas for good and evil of the people of that period. So too Plato pointed out how a change in musical taste might be the precursor of a social revolution. Only when every object which is used in daily life reflects a norm of Art is a Nation truly cultured. Such true culture enables the masses to grasp more readily the deepest truths of the spiritual life than when that culture is absent.

All true lovers of humanity therefore feel how necessary it is to urge the cult of beauty in the little things of daily life. The clothes we wear, the objects which surround us in the living room, the shape of the utensils in the kitchen—every thing in fact of daily use—helps or hinders the release of the Divine in us. Especially when the individual learns to make an outlet for the instinct of beauty in him—as by a little poem or essay, a painting or a

¹ A foreword to a catalogue of an Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

song, by a graceful dance or a character truly depicted in acting—does that individual, man or woman or child, contact a source of inner strength by that creation. Just as the truer is the science in it, the more spiritual is the religion, so the more Art there is in a people, the greater is the realisation of Divinity by them.

To him who has a sense for the Divine, a tiny work of Art speaks as powerfully of Liberation as a great symphony. If only all men could be made to realise that they are artists in the making! But that is the great truth which some of us are trying to explain. Where even a little of that truth is realised, the sorrows and joys of life take on a new appearance, and man begins for the first time to be made "whole," and so to come a few steps nearer to Perfection.

WORKS ON ART

BY

C. JINARAJADASA

ART AND THE EMOTIONS

ART AS WILL AND IDEA

THE INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

OBJECT: *To work to develop the sense of beauty in all activities in life, and to study and realize the spirit of unity underlying the Arts.*

THE Fellowship began its work in London in 1913 among a group of Theosophists, having then for its name "The Brotherhood of Arts". As the work began to develop, its name was changed to the present one—"The International Fellowship of Arts and Crafts".

At a meeting of the Fellowship held on June 30, 1930, in Geneva, the four stated Objects of the Fellowship were simplified and restated as the one Object above.

The Fellowship from its commencement has worked both among Theosophists and non-Theosophists to bring Art more closely into the life and work of individuals and organizations. Concerts and plays have been organized by its members, and in a few cases Art Exhibitions also. One special work has been to provide suitable music and artists before and after lectures.

Membership is free to all who desire to assist in carrying out the many lines of possible work implied

in the Object of the Fellowship. Members may work individually, or in groups, according to their temperaments.

The Fellowship has already been organized in 27 countries. Each country has one member, called National Secretary, who will help to co-ordinate where possible the work of individuals and of groups, and to keep in touch with the International Secretary of the Fellowship. It has no rules or regulations. There is no fixed amount to be paid as an annual subscription, but it is hoped that those who join will give donations to each National Secretary to cover the cost of postage, the printing of leaflets describing the work of the Fellowship, and such incidental expenses.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA,

International Secretary.

LINES OF WORK

The many useful lines of work for members of the Fellowship are indicated in the following report of a discussion which took place in Chicago during the Convention of the American Theosophical Society in August, 1929.

The meeting discussed how beauty might be promoted in Lodge premises, and in the artistic choice and decoration of public halls taken for Federation and Convention purposes ; how members of the Theosophical Society could encourage National crafts in their dress and environment ;

how music should best be employed in arranging programmes of Theosophical functions; how the mutual appreciation of the Arts in all countries should be developed as a fundamental factor in building World Peace.

The meeting also considered methods for encouraging original Art-creation among members and sympathizers of the Theosophical Society, and formulated work that might be set on foot to ensure the maximum of beauty through Art and Art-crafts at all Theosophical gatherings. The meeting formulated the results of its discussion in the following Resolutions :

1. That an Art Committee should be an integral part of the organization of all Conventions, Federations and large Theosophical gatherings; the Committee to form the co-ordinating centre of sub-committees for special departments such as decoration, programme, music, drama, art exhibition, etc., in order to preserve unity of design in the whole.

2. That the exposition and presentation of Art should be a more prominent feature in Theosophical magazines and Lodge programmes.

3. That in all publications connected with Theosophical activities beauty and distinction should be aimed at in format, printing, binding and illustration.

4. That steps be taken to compile a directory of executive artists in all the Arts and Art-crafts in the Theosophical Lodges of each National Society,

and of professional artists in sympathy with the Theosophical Movement.

5. That Theosophical Lodges, singly or in groups, in order to encourage creative Art, should hold periodical exhibitions and performances of original work by members of the Society; and from such exhibitions and performances make recommendations of works of special merit for similar functions in National Conventions of the Theosophical Society; from which Conventions further selections should be made for an International Exhibition of Arts and Crafts at World Congresses of the International Society.


6. That members of the Theosophical Society should specially interest themselves in the encouragement of indigenous Arts and Art-crafts, and promote comparative exposition and appreciation of the Arts of other countries as a means to international peace through sympathetic cultural understanding.

7. That Theosophists should exert their influence towards the bringing of greater beauty into educational and public life by using or making occasions for stressing the utility of beauty in schools, hospitals, town planning, industrial concerns, etc.

8. That for special Theosophical events professional musicians should, where possible, be engaged, in order that the best artists should be brought into touch with Theosophy and Theosophists with the best revealers of Art, and that

the Theosophical Society may thus artistically be the gainer.

From 1923 to 1928 Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa acted as President of the Fellowship, and from then onwards as International Secretary. He will be most glad to assist National and Local Secretaries, and all others interested in the Fellowship, if they will communicate with him at The Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, India.



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